

DR. DALLINGER IN HIS STUDY.

*From a Photo specially taken for THE YOUNG MAN by  
MARTIN & SALLNOW, 416, Strand, W.C.]*

*Most truly yrs  
W. H. Dallinger*



# THE YOUNG MAN

## A Monthly Journal and Review

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"QUIT YOU LIKE MEN: BE STRONG."

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### THE RELIGION OF A SCIENTIST.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE REV. W. H. DALLINGER, D.D., D.Sc., F.R.S.

Is there any real antagonism between science and Christianity? Is "reconciliation" necessary, or possible? If accomplished, how much of the Christian system will be left? Can the lion of science and the lamb of faith only lie down together when the one has swallowed the other? The miraculous, the supernatural, Divine intervention in human affairs,—are these obsolete terms? And evolution—that master-thought of master-minds—how will it affect the future of religion? Is Darwinism standing the test of time; or is it, as some say, being overturned? That bewitching book of Professor Drummond—is it a revelation from heaven, or a delusion and a snare? Then the perennial question of miracle: can we, do we, believe the Bible miracles as our fathers did? or have we changed, must we change, our whole conception thereof? Is prayer answered?—how?—in what sense?

These are some of the questions that surged through my mind as I journeyed to Dr. Dallinger. He is, I reflected, at once a Christian minister, and, scientists themselves testifying, a scientist of the first rank. Doctor of Science, he is also Doctor of Divinity. One day he is preaching and praying in the pulpit; another he is lecturing and demonstrating before the British Association, the Royal Society, the Microscopical Society, or some other learned scientific body. Evidently, in him faith and science have met, and, apparently, been "reconciled" into working union. Will he, for our guidance, state the terms of the compact? Specialist in both departments, will he, can he, I wondered, resolve some of those perplexing problems which are so much exercis-

ing the minds of thoughtful young men to-day? If not, to whom can we go?

Dr. Dallinger lives in a quiet retreat at Lee, his house, in view of the Crystal Palace, facing a broad stretch of Kentish plain. "Ingleside" reflects the mind of its master. It has fallen to me to enter the houses of a good many notable people—clerics, authors, merchants, statesmen—but I was never in one where the sense of orderliness, method, dustlessness was so supreme as it is in the abode of the eminent Christian scientist. I verily believe that the sight of a book or an instrument out of place would send a shudder through the Doctor's sensitive, though sinewy, frame. "A place for everything, and everything in its place," is clearly one of his working rules. But the general effect is quite other than monotonous regularity and unpicturesque uniformity. A model of perfect order, his laboratory, furnished with every appliance that the study of microscopical biology has evolved, is also a triumph of artistic arrangement. Unlike many distinguished labourers in Nature's workshop, Dr. Dallinger cannot even plead guilty to a suspicion of slovenliness in his personal attire. In short velvet jacket, with silk facings, and seamless vest—buttons, watchchains, and other impedimenta being conspicuously absent—he looks in perfect harmony with his neat and orderly environment. In short, Dr. Dallinger is artist as well as scientist. With his own hand he draws from nature the beautiful illustrations which so much enhance the value of his scientific lectures and writings. Dr. Dallinger has made valuable contribution to the develop-





A CORNER IN DR. DALLINGER'S LABORATORY.

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ment of the microscope, a great many special optical arrangements having been effected as the result of his own investigations during the last quarter of a century. He has invented, or adapted to the particular requirements of his special work, many of the appliances by which his best results have been secured.

"May I ask," said I, when we were seated in the Doctor's comfortably furnished study, "upon what particular branch of research you are now engaged?"

"I devote a very large amount of my time," he responds, in even, deliberate tones, "to continuous observation of certain minute organisms, using the very highest powers of the modern microscope and the best available appliances for obtaining the finest results."

"And your object?"

"During the last few years has been, and still is, to study the influence of changes of environment on the minutest and simplest living organisms, which is a slow and laborious process; and also to endeavour to discover the relationship of the nuclei of cells to the entire cellu-

lar life. A large proportion of my life has been spent in working out the life-history of minute putrefactive organisms, the monads; primarily leading to a determination of the fact that there is no spontaneous generation of life, that life only arises from preceding living things. Having arrived at these conclusions, which may be found detailed in the Royal and Royal Microscopical Societies' proceedings, I was prepared to go a step further, and with the greatly improved microscopes of the last ten years try to do for the nucleus alone

what I had been able to do for the cellular organism as a whole before. All complex living creatures are made up of incalculable hosts of cells. Even a being like man is, physically, simply an aggregation of cells: his brain consists of cells, his muscles are cellular, his whole physical frame is composed of cells innumerable, each group of cells having a specific function, and every group being related to the whole, so that by the co-operation of the myriads of cells that make up a body the life of the organ-



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE LABORATORY.

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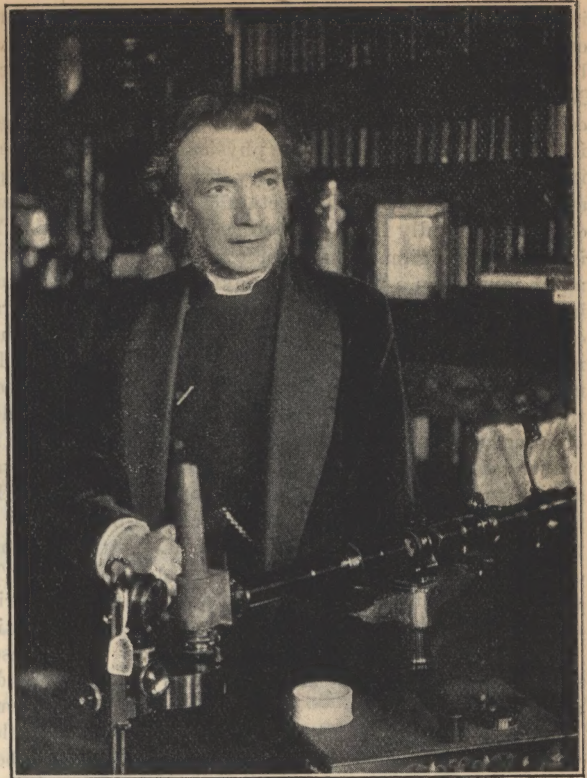
ism is maintained. To know the history of the individual cell is to approach very much nearer to a knowledge of the most intimate relations of living action. It is to the study of cyclic behaviour of single-celled as distinguished from multi-celled organisms that I have devoted myself in recent years; and the study of the single cell in them is naturally much more simple than it can be in complicated organic structures. The nucleus is the kernel of the cell, and it contains the highest vitality which the cell possesses. My object now is to study the behaviour of the nucleus under all the changes that the cell undergoes, and I hope, after having worked out the leading unicellular organisms, to be able to make a generalization as to the behaviour of the nuclei of cells, which may be of value."

"I am curious to know whether your religious faith is affected the one way or the other by your scientific investigations."

"In earlier days I realized continual anxiety on account of the constant recurrence of the question as to whether or not the rapid accessions made to our knowledge of Nature by modern investigation presented new perplexities or further aids to faith. But I soon discovered that the scientific spirit has one supreme aim—to discover only what is true; and as the highest moral aim of religion is the love of truth, I felt at a comparatively early period that it is more folly to hesitate to accept physical truth because of suspicion lest it should run counter to theological conviction. None the less, perpetual conflict did arise, and unceasing efforts at 'reconciliation' ensued, which from the constant advance of science needed perpetual readjustment; until I saw what I believe to be the only safe path for the devout mind possessed of a supreme desire to follow research into Nature, and without hesitancy accept the demonstrated teaching of Nature. That is that Nature is not in any sense a disclosure of what is moral or spiritual. So far as the Divine Source of all things can be thought or spoken of by us at all, Nature may be looked upon as an intellectual manifestation. Matter and motion embody what we can only think of as the motions and activities of His unchanging mind."

"So that Religion, involving the relations of man to this creative Power, is not to be found in Nature?"

"Not in my judgment. Religion must receive its authority and sanctions in another way. No doubt there are points at which the circumstances of religion must run parallel with those of science, and here it is that the Christian apologist will in



DR. DALLINGER IN HIS LIBRARY USING THE DIFFRACTOMETER.

[From a Photo specially taken for THE YOUNG MAN by MARTIN & SALLINOW, 416, Strand, W.C.]

the future have the highest and most responsible work; but this must be conceived in a different spirit to the majority of such 'apologies' in the past. He must seek the aid and the friendship of science, and must be willing to admit that the very diversities of theological interpretation, resulting in so many, even Christian, forms of religion, disarm any dominant sense of infallibility, and make the surrender of a position when truth demands it not a conflict, but a sequence. But this is merely lateral. Religion, and even morality, must find their sanction, not in Nature,—for it is not there,—but in the foundations upon which Christianity has been built."

"Your view is fatal, is it not, to what is called Natural Theology?"

"I have come firmly to the conclusion that Natural Theology—if by that is meant not only the discovery of such evidences as lead to the conviction that an awful and competent Cause produced and sustains it, but that Nature reveals His CHARACTER and gives us reasons for loyalty, love, and devotion to Him—has no real basis in Nature, and if man had been indebted to Nature only, could never have had its present form or claims. If the material universe be a teacher of moral principles and spiritual truths,



its complete lessons could only be found in its entirety; could we learn these from, or could they be taught by, a part of Nature? Notoriously, Nature is a profound riddle to us. We are becoming more and more acquainted with its laws, its methods of action, and the physical nature of its phenomena; but in this very proportion we are becoming less and less certain of the nature of the confessedly infinite Mystery by which all is caused. Religion, to have force for the human mind, must open a vista to the unknown and the infinite; but its foundation must be finite and comprehensible. The verities of religion must not depend for their stability on Nature; they must have a justification of their own, and that independent of, and even apart from, Nature. Its kingdom must not be of this world. This, I apprehend, is the meaning and value of the gospels, and the future stability of religion amongst thinking people will depend on the historic certainties that can be demonstrated in regard to it, and the capability of the sacred documents to stand the severe analysis to which, by friend and foe, they are at this time subjected."

"Have you formed any opinion as to how the sacred documents are standing this severe analysis?"

"It is premature yet to form any opinion on that point. The question is one for experts, and until they have concluded their investigations, we have not sufficient data on which to found an adequate judgment. If religion could have been disclosed to us by Nature," Dr. Dallinger continued, resuming the thread of his thought, "it seems improbable that all that is held to con-

stitute sacred history, and especially in its Christian form, should have happened. It is upon the certainty of all this that the future of religion will depend. Hence in my own experience, to come back to your first question, my religious beliefs are neither deepened nor weakened by the progress of scientific investigation and discovery."

"Your experience, then, is not the same as that of some who say that the close study of Nature, revealing unbroken uniformity in its operations, has shaken their faith in the literal accuracy of the New Testament record?"

"I hold the New Testament to have a spiritual object, and so far as that spiritual object is there made manifest, my faith is not in the least shaken. For me, the value of the gospels is precisely what it was twenty or thirty years ago."

"How about the old battles between science and Christianity—is there any real antagonism?"

"The 'battleground' between science and Christianity has constantly changed. Old difficulties and perplexities disappear, new ones present themselves; but the spirit that engendered the battle persists. I believe that from both sides it is not only a needless but a useless contest. The true battle of Christianity is being fought out under the influence of what has been recognised as the Higher Criticism. That means a sound assessment of the true value of the historic documents of Christianity; a fearless exposure and excision of all that has accumulated around and within them, but not primarily belonging to them; a resolute determination to admit only their primary meaning, and not to suffer the reading into them of the erroneous interpretations which creed and dogma may have historically insinuated; and a thorough investigation into the collateral value and elucidative evidence derivable from the archaeological investigations that have recently been conducted, and which on a far vaster scale will be conducted during the next half-century."

"What, then, is your opinion of the conclusions of the Higher Criticism, so far, and the necessary effects on religious belief?"



DR. DALLINGER'S LIBRARY.

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"I do not profess to be one of the modern higher critics. Although I devoted a large portion of my early life to the sacred languages and classical literature, I gave up the study twenty years ago. I am not only unwilling to thrust myself into the controversy, but feel my incompetence in regard to it. I simply await results, as I do in any other department of special inquiry. I am not afraid of the results, because I am not afraid of truth. Those who are maintaining the value and validity of the gospels must bring evidence of an overwhelming kind in support of their case.

My opinion is that they will ultimately bring that evidence. Within the last fifteen years the archaeological evidence furnished by ancient cities and unearthed libraries and documents, and the records of peoples that have been dead for four, five, or six thousand years, have all contributed marvellously to the later evidence that has gone to sustain our judgment of the truth of sacred documents. But that is only one of the sources whence we are to derive our ultimate judgment concerning these things. Whilst my faith does not in the least swerve under the analysis to which the Bible is being subjected, I feel that in the interests of the highest aims of humanity it is essential that we should get at the truth. And therefore I am perfectly content that there should be this strict analysis conducted by friend and foe, believing that it must issue in the furtherance of the great end for which human beings ought to live—Truth. But, on the other hand, I am bound to say that the investigations into Nature conducted within the last fifty years have greatly modified our opinions and judgments concerning the gospels even, and their teaching, and our manner of interpreting them in the present day; that is to say, the process of inquiry has so modified our knowledge of things that we are obliged to look at the Scriptures in the light of that knowledge, and so far as they do not yield their high purpose in being harmonized with our present knowledge, their value is rather enhanced than diminished."

"So that some of the old grounds of difficulty between science and Christianity either do not exist or take quite another form?"



A CORNER IN THE LIBRARY SHOWING THE CABINETS FOR MICROSCOPIC OBJECTS.

[From a Photo specially taken for THE YOUNG MAN by MARTIN & SALLNOW, 416, Strand, W.C.]

"Precisely. Thus the greatest of the commonly received difficulties affecting Christianity was the supernatural elements it involves. Miracles were held to be inconceivable. But it is admitted fully now that no one can affirm that a miracle may not happen, or that something quite unlike the experiences of our race up to this time may not occur immediately or at some future period. It is admitted that we have no power to affirm that any event not hitherto known to us may not after all belong to the course of Nature; that is, that it may be only 'supernatural' to our experience. Mr. Huxley says: 'A miracle in the sense of a complete change in the customary order of nature is intelligible, can be distinctly conceived, implies no contradiction; and, therefore, by Hume's own showing, cannot be proved false by any demonstrative argument.'<sup>1</sup> Here, also, however, as Huxley clearly shows, the burden of proof rests with those whose great responsibility it is to demonstrate the history of Christianity and establish the value of the sacred documents. It is there in the last resort that the basis of Christian faith must find its solid ground."

"In the meantime, what is a conscientious young man to do? Is he, before he can accept their record as true, to attempt to examine and weigh for himself the evidence for the validity of the gospels—especially in reference to miracle, the crux of the controversy?"

"He can no more settle that for himself than he can settle for himself without being a chemist the combining proportions of certain gases. The question is *in nubibus*—in a state of absolute in-

<sup>1</sup> Huxley's *Collected Essays*, vol. vi. pp. 156-7.



decision. Right-hearted, noble-minded men, whose judgment may be trusted, are entering into the whole question in a scientific spirit, and it is better to—indeed, we must—leave it with them until they have completed their investigation. It is impossible for one who has not made a special study of the subject to weigh the evidence for himself; but when the proper time arrives, any intelligent young man will at least be able to compare and balance the conclusions of the experts. Whilst on these textual questions the only wise attitude is one of suspended judgment, yet happily in the moral and spiritual region there is no room or occasion for one moment's doubt or hesitation."

"What, then, should be the general attitude of intelligent Christians to-day towards the question of the Bible miracles? May I ask how far and in what sense you believe in the miracles recorded in the Old and New Testaments?"

"So far as miracles are needful to the Christian history,—and that is a matter to be determined by the experts,—I know of no reason why they may not be considered simply the result of the employment of the laws of Nature in a manner in which they were not known to operate by the experience of men. Photography and telegraphy are brought about by the laws of Nature strictly. But a photograph or a telegram would have been a miracle to Nero. True, man has had to discover the laws in order to obey them. But is it not conceivable that they might be known to and employed in many ways by a human life intellectually nobler and spiritually higher than man's own, in other directions, resulting in what we call miracles, accomplished, however, only by supreme obedience to Nature's laws, although to us entirely unknown? Nevertheless, I doubt greatly the advisability of giving more prominence than it should have to the miraculous element in religion."

"This leads me to ask whether, as a scientific man, you—if you will excuse me making it a personal question—believe that prayer is answered, and if so, in what sense?"

"Only in regard to the development of our moral and spiritual nature. Spiritual desire is spiritual impulse, and in that sense taken by itself prayer is a means to a noble end. The influence of mind on mind is one of the absolute certainties of our experience. Prayer is a belief in the spiritual sympathy of the mind, speaking humanly, of the Creator with the mind of the creature. That alone is power. But to believe that prayer can alter the action of physical law is, I venture to think, not faith, but presumption. Would any man sow his field with oats, and then, changing his mind, wish to have peas instead, and consequently go to the Almighty in prayer(?), and ask Him to change the fruit of the seeds he

had sown, so that his crop might be peas? That, I protest, would be irreverence and blasphemy. So, in my judgment, would be prayer for the arrest of any known natural law."

"But, to the common mind, would not that view seem to take all the virtue out of prayer, make it a nullity,—something like *Hamlet* with *Hamlet's* part left out? For instance, does it not make supplication for the recovery of a sick person irrational, because if the operation of law is unalterable, is not the issue of the disease alone determined by the nature of the complaint, the constitution of the patient, and the accompanying physical conditions?"

"Not necessarily. There are certain laws which we know—such, for instance, as the law of gravitation. Nobody knowing that law would venture to ask that a stone should rise upward. But there are other laws whose operation we do not so certainly know; and there may be—undoubtedly there are—laws of which we have no cognisance at all. This may apply to such a subject as physiology and health. In the present state of our knowledge I do not say that it is absolutely incongruous or immoral to pray for the accomplishment of that which we do not know to be a breach of the laws of Nature; but wherever we know that Nature has established a certain great law, such as when God says every seed shall bring forth after its own kind, and such as science is constantly discovering—then it seems to me that to pray against that law is to pray for God to act against His own eternal judgment. I believe prayer to be absolutely immeasurable in its influence; but I believe the sphere of prayer to be purely spiritual, not physical. Moral nobility, personal purity, the power to ensue what we believe to be right, at all costs, is its supreme object. The keynote of the prayer given to us as a model is, *Thy will be done*; and when our Lord varies that prayer to meet a particular exigency, as in the Garden of Gethsemane, the supreme aspiration, the final petition, to which all other requests are subordinate, still is, *Thy will be done*. And so we may pray for the accomplishment of our often ignorant desire, '*if it be possible*,' not omitting to add, '*nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt*.'"

We next turned to the great subject of evolution, I asking Dr. Dallinger whether in his judgment a full acceptance of Darwinism necessitates a modification of one's belief in Christianity.

"There is no inconsistency," he responded, "between evolution and Christianity. All that is required is a generous—not a strained—interpretation of the religious books. But from my position it is mainly Theism, not religion, that is affected by the great Darwinian hypothesis. I can see no possible objection to the reception of



what lies in the doctrine of Darwin in its fulness, and accepting it as a discovery of the *method* of creation. 'Creation by fiat' means absolutely nothing—unless it be to Milton in the seventh book of *Paradise Lost*—and that is a meaning purely poetic and absolutely intangible. The Darwinian law gives us a distinct perception deduced from fact of how the mystery of creative power operated—by what laws things as we know them came into existence and are adapted to their surroundings. True, the origin of man's body and mind by evolution as laid down by Darwin affords no apparent room for the interposition of the great spiritual truths of religion. But, in the first place, that is tentative, and even by profound biologists, as Alfred Wallace, is not held to be competent. And, secondly, religion, like some other of the results of sociology, does not in its authoritative form date back far enough to be a pure product of evolution. It enters into sociology rather than relates itself as a factor of man's natural origin. 'In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth' includes all; only, none can say when that beginning was, or what it involved. In my judgment the Darwinian doctrine of the origin of species may be fully and firmly held without any detriment to a faith in the Divine source of morality and religion."

"Is it a fact that later science is modifying some of the conclusions of Darwin?"

"The Darwinian hypothesis proper is not as yet seriously affected by recent hypotheses, while the facts obtained by research during the past quarter of a century have all borne evidence to its essential truth."

"But is not 'natural selection' as a principle of explanation of all the variations in existing life-forms proving inadequate?"

"One line of its action has been and is being seriously analysed by competent biologists, but it involves only a suspension of judgment while observation and experiment are conducted to prove the question at issue—strictly a question for experts—are acquired characters inherited? that is the crux; and however in the future it is settled, it will leave the great fact of organic evolution where we now find it."

"What is your judgment of Professor Drummond's new book? Can a young man regard it as a safe guide in matters of science and religion?"

"*The Ascent of Man* has one supreme object, which I take to be its all-pervading and fatal defect. Its author desires to accept the doctrine of evolution, and especially that of the origin of species, in its entirety, without a single reservation; and yet not to take the consequences which must follow. Two things are inalienable from the origin of species by variation and the sur-

vival of the fittest. First, the pitiless and eternal struggle for existence. This means at least *immorality* in Nature; that is, the ubiquity of a state of things which to our perceptions of morality is inexplicable. There *is* evidence of beneficence in Nature. Witness the eye, the hand of man; the adaptability of the atmosphere and the human and animal ear to the realization of the lofty pleasures of music through atmospheric vibrations. But all these are only the results of a bitter struggle and the survival of the fittest. On the other hand, there is equal apparent purpose in the adaptations of a cobra's fang, a shark's jaw, a tiger's forearm and rending talons, the genus of tapeworms, and the bacilli of cholera. Then surely we can find no definite moral lesson in Nature. Its author does not speak morally to us. We cannot find his nature out from *our* power to penetrate into his creation. Nature's moral teaching is contradictory and inconsistent.

"Against this Professor Drummond rebels. He protests that evolution has been given to the world 'out of focus,' and he has found what the true focus is. This enables him to discover two things in Nature not discoverable by Darwinism—namely, Morality and Design. The morality is found in that all Nature trended towards the production of mammalia—the distinct mothers. There had been maternity all through Nature, but not motherhood. Motherhood arose when the mother was specialized, and the infant was beautiful to see, and quite dependent on its mother. The relation, in fact, was one of mutual dependence. This begot mutual interest. But man is the highest mammalian. All his powers—body and mind—arose as those of the ape arose. But when the human infant was seen, it was in its dependence soon loved; and for it, rapidly, self-sacrifice was engendered, and all that was noble on the moral side of man took origin. Up to this time Nature had been full of the *struggle for existence*; now, however, *the struggle for the life of others* took its place. This was in the highest sense ethical—moral—and determined all the noble aspects of the human soul.

"Now this is unfortunately not true. We cannot fully discuss it now. But if Nature is to be our moral teacher, we must learn our lesson *not only* from what may have resulted from the relations between mother and babe, but from *all* Nature. While the jaw of the dogfish and the canine teeth of the carnivora exist in Nature; while all Nature from its dawn until now has been one perpetual stream of conflict and fear and pain and violent death, it is folly to hope that we can be content to take our moral sanctions from a *part* of Nature, even though that part be the beautiful relations of the (modern) mother and her infant. But apart from sociology, motherhood with all its qualities was only a



factor in the struggle for existence; and in Nature that struggle continues to this hour.

"This is emphasized by the fact that Professor Drummond finds that this motherhood was *designed*—that it was the supreme end and aim of all evolution—that all that preceded was subservient to it. Surely in that case all that was bitter in the struggle for existence was the distinct work and intention of the creative Power; and therefore we are more than ever in the dark as to what his nature is and what we are to understand as to the morality of Nature."

"But, Dr. Dallinger, if this unmorality, not to say in some instances positive fiendishness—apparently—of Nature is inconsistent with Professor Drummond's theory, is it not equally inconsistent with our conception of a benevolent Creator?"

"There is this difference. Professor Drummond seeks to find morality in Nature: I say it is not to be found there, in my judgment the revelation of it is no part of the mission of physical nature, and I go to the gospels for my morality. I do not affirm, because I do not know, that Nature is in its entirety unmoral, because it is utterly impossible for a finite being like man to grasp the infinite meaning of Nature. If we could once grasp Nature's entire meaning, it is more than conceivable that we should be able to see that there is a sense in which all the apparently adverse incidents of Nature are only eddies in the current, tending to a sublime moral end, which it is utterly impossible for us now to see with our finite vision. And inasmuch as man will always be finite, and Nature to him will always be infinite, I cannot see that he can ever get his morality from Nature. For this very reason I see one of the ends for which a higher knowledge of morality was given to man. In short, Nature's unmorality seems to me a reason

why the morality of the gospels should be disclosed."

I had already consumed so much of Dr. Dallinger's valuable time that I was loth to try his indulgence further. He grimly told me that to deal fully with the questions I had raised would require ten volumes! The rare patience—surely borne of the scientific habit—with which, so far as the limits of an interview permitted, he answered my interrogations, emboldened me to raise yet other two minor points.

"Do you find," I inquired, "that scientific study provides helpful illustrations in preaching, and would you advise other ministers to take up such studies?"

"Yes. Christ found this in His teaching; and for this end alone I think, amongst many other reasons, the young preacher should be taught the spirit and principles of science, and led to read largely the works of its most thorough workers. But in these days there are few things more pernicious than inaccurate 'illustrations' from Nature, one of the 'fatal facilities' of the pulpit."

Finally I asked Dr. Dallinger, who by his brilliant and fascinating lectures has probably done as much as any living man to popularize science, whether he finds the platform an effective means of imparting scientific truth.

"Amongst the working classes," he said, "especially in the North of England, where the artizans are fully alert to the immense advantages of knowledge, its possibilities of large and beneficent influence cannot be measured. Accuracy of knowledge and facility of impartation are the two essentials. With these there is a wide influence open to the earnest student who endeavours to benefit this immense class of his fellow-men."

A. D.

## OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

NEW STORIES BY CONAN DOYLE AND GILBERT PARKER.

THE Christmas Number of THE YOUNG MAN and *The Young Woman* achieved a great success last year, when a first edition of 100,000 copies proved utterly inadequate to meet the enormous demand: but this year it will probably have a still larger sale, for the programme is one of exceptional brilliance. Dr. CONAN DOYLE contributes "A FOREIGN OFFICE ROMANCE," one of the best stories he has ever written. Then there is ANNIE S. SWAN's new story, "JOHN LANE'S TEMPTATION," a most powerful and pathetic piece of work. MR. GILBERT PARKER, MISS JANE BARLOW, MR. H. D. LOWRY, and MISS MARY DICKENS (grand-daughter of the great novelist) also contribute clever and interesting stories; and thus for sixpence you get six complete tales by our most eminent novelists, fully illustrated by such artists as GORDON BROWNE and W. S. STACEY.

But this is not all. There is a delightful Christmas poem by NORMAN GALE; a paper on "Christmas

Kindness," by Dr. JAMES STALKER; a bright, chatty article on "Our First Winter in Canada," by the COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN, with a large number of beautiful illustrations, many of them from photographs taken by LADY ABERDEEN; some interesting reminiscences of Charles Dickens, "The Novelist of Christmas Time," by his eldest daughter; and Christmas Homilies by ARCHDEACON FARRAR and the Rev. MARK GUY PEARSE.

This handsome volume is a great improvement on the number we issued last year; it is well printed on the finest paper, and bound in a striking and most artistic cover. It will be published on November 18th by Messrs. S. W. Partridge & Co., price 6d. As so many of our friends were unable to secure copies last year, owing to the extraordinary demand, we would suggest that orders should be given to local newsagents and booksellers *at once*, so as to make sure of a supply.



## HOW BEULAH CLOCK GAINED FIVE MINUTES.

By WILLIAM J. LACEY.

A PROFESSIONAL runner in the Cranhurst lanes was an unusual sight. But the Reverend Josiah Watts at first supposed that his elder's sorrel pony was overtaking a sporting man gone astray. What else could be the meaning of the hatless head, and the stripped-out figure, and the level swinging pace? It was not until the youth shot into the hedge to let him pass that he recognised George Boyce, the vicar's wild son. He started at the surprise more than at the lad's defiant words flung at him across the wheel.

"It's all the fault of the wretched old lie you keep going over your meeting-house," said the sad dog, panting, when the rush of accusation ended. "I forgot that I put my watch by it at half-time on the football field. A big fool I was! Daniels is gone on with my luggage; but I shall lose the express, and a year's grind."

He muttered the last sentence. It was rueful soliloquy.

The minister of Beulah was an amiable man, when principle permitted. He would have been truly sorry for even a reviler's inconvenience. But to-day he was dazed with anxiety and grief, and he did not immediately take the sense of George Boyce's outbreak. It seemed to him that he had been insulted, and when that happened his course was clear.

"Good-afternoon, sir," he said stiffly. And quaking at the peril of the deed, he flicked the whip along Ladybird's flank.

Ladybird had spirit as well as speed. Matthew Gatehouse had prudently warned him of the fact. There was a spring that made the preacher's nervous hands tighten convulsively on the reins. Those seconds of excitement did their work. They temporarily cleared the fog from his brain. The true inwardness of the situation came to light. He gradually recalled remarks made by Ladybird's owner about the scapegrace of the Vicarage. George Boyce had sauntered by, on Market Pavement, as the minister asked for the loan of the pony. The corn-chandler jerked his thumb after him.

"A clever sprig, but terrible harum-scarum," he said; "now that his father's away at these congress meetings he'll drive it fine, I fancy, between a football match and his examination for the Civil Service."

It looked as if this was what had occurred. Instead of going to London leisurely in the morning, he had stayed to play for his colours, and was now making a frantic effort to catch the express at the junction. If he failed, there was no other up-train. Having thought it out, the

Reverend Josiah Watts, with difficulty, prevailed on Ladybird to stop. He looked round with an uncertain smile.

"I am going to the station; will you ride?" he said. "But put your coat on, Mr. Boyce; the air is keen and you are warm."

George Boyce swallowed a very large quantum of pride, and unstrapped the roll of jacket that was round him. A cap fell out, he had it the next minute on his shock hair, and he sprang into the cart.

"Thanks! I didn't know we'd made the game quite so late," he said. "It's the express or ruin; I can't get up in time to-morrow."

There was a sheepish apology hovering behind this. A word would have led it forth. But the minister merely bowed with a curious formality—to a boy; and seemed instantly to forget his existence. A frost settled on gratitude. The silence continued until the station doors were visible, and then George Boyce broke it in his clumsy fashion by repaying evil for good.

"It's a great nuisance you don't take your time from St. Michael's; we are invariably right," he suddenly observed.

To a suspicious ear it was more than the speech of a foolish youth, with its meaning on the surface. It was the voice of a rich and powerful church, deriding opposition. A flush kindled on the thin face of the man who was a scholar lost in dreary ways of controversy. His thoughts left a quiet bedside in Cranhurst Grove, and became hard and austere. The light of many battles was in his eyes, and his tones had the note of conviction that persuasion found so hopeless. Without the smallest intention he was bitter.

"That is what we are unable to see, owing to our misfortune," he replied. "It is a great thing to have such a comforting assurance, whoever may think differently."

George Boyce stared. He did not understand how he had provoked this avalanche of irony. It was only a clique who went by Beulah clock. He was quite sure that he would never do so again.

More sensibly he dropped the cause of quarrel and asked a new favour. He did it with the grace of diffidence.

"If you see my father to-night, Mr. Watts, I wish you would tell him I got off in decent order after all—thanks to your kindness. He'll be sure to hear that it was a tight squeeze, and he won't make much out of what Daniels may say. Daniels is an awful muff. I wouldn't suggest it,



but father may show up directly. He should come in by the Exeter train—fifteen minutes after mine leaves.”

“Yes, I will willingly mention it,” said the minister gravely.

The reference to the Exeter train had brought back his urgent case. He had come to meet a physician, and to take him to his wife’s couch, and then to hear words of doom. He expected no other. To Marie, his dear partner in straitened circumstances, he was still the soul of hopefulness. Duty and affection taught him the actor’s part. But his judgment refused to be coerced even by his passionate desires, and when he dared to look forward at all it was to see four motherless children bewailing the home angel. A stifling feeling came with that sad picture.

It was this that made him oblivious to the hand half-stretched out, and then withdrawn, as George Boyce irresolutely lingered. It was this, and only this. He could be dour to his adversaries, and unyielding as the weather-beaten stones of Beulah, but never purposely discourteous.

“Queer old fogey; but I remember they say his wife’s ill,” muttered the lad; “and anyhow he’s saved me for my papers to-morrow.”

The same black foreboding caused the Reverend Josiah Watts to overlook what his companion had said about the vicar’s probable arrival. He forgot his own promise for several hours. One subject filled his mind to the exclusion of all others.

The eminent doctor made his examination, and cheerfully accepted more guineas than formed a month’s stipend for the minister. They were not savings—hoarding was for the corn-chandler and the miller, and the sleek grocer, not for the man who happened to fill a Beulah pulpit. They were the gift of a good Samaritan.

But it was a joy to pay them down. It seemed like buying sunshine, and the song of birds, and the wondrous music of life.

“Adopt the remedies I have written out, and I believe recovery is sure,” said the physician; “in a week she will turn the corner, and you will see her begin to mend. Keep her spirits up—and your own.”

He went away with his *confrère*, the Cranhurst surgeon, to catch one of the few local trains on the Cranhurst branch. A humbled, happy man knelt with moist and shining eyes at his wife’s side.

“I think I could bear almost any blow but that one,” he said, “and now I hear that it is not to fall.”

Marie Watts understood him and pressed his hand. Suddenly she asked a large and, with his views, an impossible thing, and he had a shock of new dismay.

“I shall be very glad to stay with you, husband, and with Tom and Josey and Alice and baby,” the faint voice said, “very glad and thankful. There is another wish that is upon my heart. Can you guess it? No, you never would. You will think it is because I am so weak, and so fanciful and absurd. But I have been listening to the clocks striking. First, St. Michael’s and then Beulah. Surely there ought not to be such a gap! They should strike together.”

“They are fast at the belfry. It has been proved. And why should they set the time? It is not a pretension in one particular, but in every one. They want to rule us, and it is on principle that we resist and maintain our own. Beulah clock is a trifle, of course, but what is behind is not a trifle.”

“Yes, yes, we have talked it all over, haven’t we, many times. Those contests at the schools have made it worse. You are certain that you are right, Josiah, and I am certain of it too. But I have wondered if Mr. Boyce is not also convinced of the propriety of his course, and . . . and if somehow you could let peace prevail, and put Beulah clock on a little—a very little.”

There was Puritan blood in the minister’s veins. One of his ancestors had preached fiery sermons to Cromwell’s Ironsides when kingcraft was in eclipse. The shadow of that old stalwart stood between him and the present surrender. He was white, and his brows knit.

“You must let me take up your own words, and say that you are weak and hardly yourself, Marie,” he answered. “I would welcome peace too, but there is a price at which I cannot purchase it.”

The tones were gentle and the sorrow was sincere, but Marie Watts felt that the soft scabbard held steel. She sighed and desisted.

When the minister had comforted his children with the promise of their mother’s restoration, if they were good and still, he took hat and coat and went up Market Pavement. The corn-chandler had a customer, and the call of gratitude required to be postponed. As the minister turned from the door, his engagement to George Boyce flashed upon his mind. The Vicarage was across Temple Place, a stone’s-throw from where he stood.

An irksome obligation was twice a bond to the preacher of Beulah, and he hurried over the great square, as deserted as the Sahara now that the weekly market was closed.

“Come in, Mr. Watts, into my den, though I have been absent and the study is not half-warmed as yet. These autumn days are a little sharp.”

It was a cordial invitation, and the minister yielded. The two men faced each other, with





"I INTEND TO PREACH A SERIES OF ROUSING SERMONS AGAINST THE VICAR'S POPISH PRACTICES——"

some natural constraint on either side. It was impossible to pretend to absolute ease. They were nearly of an age; nearly of a height—tall, both; and equally muscular and athletic of figure. Each in his own way was an ascetic. But the matters that divide men deepest were present to the thought of both. They had honestly tried to mask their war with chivalry; but war it was. The *odium theologicum* set the battle in array over a large field. The high churchman was sometimes evened with unbelievers at Beulah, and the sectary was a pestilent schismatic to the hotter heads at St. Michael's. The strife assumed heroic proportions to Cran-

hurst thought over a school management majority, and it dwindled into the ridiculous when it set all the clocks of the town fast or slow, according as they were of Anglican or dissenting sympathies.

"You must be busy on your return, Mr. Boyce," said the visitor, "and I have no wish to levy a tax upon your time. But I saw your son at Cranhurst Junction two or three hours ago. He was leaving for London by the express. He caught that train, and I promised him that if I saw you I would say that he managed it. You had a profitable time, I hope, at the recent Congress?"



The frigid beginning had become downright iciness at the end, and an odd smile flitted across the fair Norse features of the Reverend Reginald Boyce. It was seen, and the levity jarred on the caller.

"Yes, I think we did very well indeed. I wish I could expect to be as satisfied with my boy's report when it is forthcoming. I have gathered that football went before bread-and-cheese with him. They tell me he ran for the station. That may speak well for his lungs, but indifferently so for his common-sense. Pray let me thank you for coming down to relieve my anxiety, Mr. Boyce."

At this the minister somehow breathed more freely. He would have winced at warmer thanks. He knew that he was conscientious, and that compromise was a vain word in Cranhurst. No treaty must be made. It would be construed to the detriment of Beulah; and he was jealous for "the cause" with an impeccable jealousy. For this reason he desired neither to give nor to receive favours. But as he faced the broader smile with the measureless sympathy in the eyes, and grasped the vicar's warm hand at the door, he was almost beaten.

"May I express a hope now?" said the vicar earnestly. "It is that I am correctly informed that Dr. Silthorne has been over to see Mrs. Watts, and that his conclusions may have lifted a load from your own shoulders. Yes, yes; I see that they have done so. I am truly delighted; and it will help you in all your work."

"It is good news for my bairns." The harsh voice shook.

Hastily the minister turned round into the darkness. But his fingers tingled, and his thoughts were contradictory. He had often said to Matthew Gatehouse that the vicar would have rejoiced to see Beulah sold for an auction-room. He believed it at this very instant, and yet he consciously liked the man.

It was late, and the bairns would miss him. He resolved to let his call upon the corn-chandler stand over until the morrow. He would be calmer then, and better fitted to express his thanks with dignity.

Matthew Gatehouse was a bluff, reticent dealer, who hated a fuss more than a bad debt. He kicked his heel viciously into a sack of flour when the minister stood in his low shop and gave a speech that smelt of the midnight oil.

"The gifts that came to us when Tom and Josiah had the fever were proofs of your good and generous heart, Mr. Gatehouse," said the visitor. "What we should have done without them I do not dare to conjecture. The Beulah friends are unable to do all that they would, and I never repine; but it is a strain when sickness appears. You have been blessed, and you make

your larger means a blessing. But the last debt is much the largest. When you placed that little bag of gold in my hand and bade me send for Silthorne, I was too confused by your kindness to properly acknowledge it."

"That's enough about it, sir," blurted out the corn-chandler.

"Not so, Mr. Gatehouse; pardon me, then and now. It was—life for Marie. You pulled us out of the deep waters. I cannot say much; but I shall never forget it."

His face was in a glow. Matthew Gatehouse glanced at him askance, and the pursed-up lips which betrayed vexation relaxed a little to match a twinkle in the grey eyes.

"You are welcome to all I've done. Hope the pony didn't give you a scare. Ladybird isn't just a minister's mare. Not but what the vicar would like to buy her for his wife's basket-carriage, if I'd sell."

"Why should you? You would get as good a price at Exeter. It is all of a piece. They want their own way at every point. We must yield at the schools, yield in social affairs, yield everywhere. I say I will not. St. Michael's shall never dominate Cranhurst so long as I am here to withstand tyranny. I intend to preach a series of rousing sermons against the vicar's popish practices now that the suspense about Marie is relieved."

The change was astonishing. By sheer will power the minister had lashed himself into a politic fury. There was that secret locked in his own breast of how he had been tempted to stoop. By public action he would put that peril away. But he unwittingly walked over thin ice. A cloud of white dust was rising from the flour sack.

"I don't think I would," said Matthew Gatehouse slowly.

The minister quivered.

"Necessity is laid upon me," he said; "the shepherd is bound to warn."

"None of the Beulah people are in danger, so far as I know," returned the corn-chandler, increasing the speed of his words as he reached a hasty decision. "And there's another reason why I wouldn't, if I were you. I half-promised, I know; but I can't let you stay under a misapprehension that takes credit from where it's due and gives it to me. I don't see it right. Dr. Silthorne's fee didn't come out of my pocket, Mr. Watts, and neither did I send the grapes and the calves'-foot jellies, and a guinea now and again before. You've only had to thank me for filling a go-between's office."

"Then who——?" But Josiah Watts knew. The thin ice had broken. Stormy seas went over him.

"It was Mr. Boyce, first and last. He came to



me. He was sorry for you. But he believed you would refuse his help."

"I should have refused it."

"And I was sorry, too, and there was a kind of conspiracy, I am afraid. It was all done with a good motive, though. The vicar knew that we should both oppose him—you and I—through thick and thin over the schools' committee. And so we did. It made no difference. As you have often said, there was a principle at stake, and duty was clear."

Matthew Gatehouse had a talent for diplomacy on occasion. He was giving back to the minister now his chilled and palsied self-respect. There was no other reparation possible. He had no doubt that his end was secured, and that the project of the ultra-Protestant homilies would be dropped. The Rev. Josiah Watts had been in Cranhurst six years and eleven months, and his chief elder had not quite taken his measure even yet.

"That is exactly the point," said a deep, hard voice that belied utterly the softened eyes; "duty is law. What you have told me—it is a great surprise—leaves that fact a fact still. I do not see my way. I must think it out. But probably I shall do as I have said."

The struggle against an overmastering fate found a respite from Matthew Gatehouse's arguments. Two children lugged in an unwieldy basket; they were buyers of maize for a fowl-run.

"Good-morning, my dears! good-morning, Mr. Gatehouse," said the minister, and he walked home at a great pace.

With him went his problem. Was it not bowing to bribery if now his attitude underwent modification? Could he lay down one solitary weapon in his battle against odious privilege? Did not honour bind him to repay singular and delicate kindness with rough and ringing blows?

On the shabby desk in his study a sealed note was waiting. The handwriting gave him a fresh start. He recognised the vicar's crabbed characters. He tore it open with fevered fingers. The contents were brief, and said:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—My obligations last night were only half discharged. You were good

enough to drive my headstrong boy to the station, and so, as I hope, may have saved him his examination and an appointment. I knew it from Daniels, and I ought to have thanked you frankly. It is a humiliation to feel that I allowed the right moment to pass. I suppose there was some stupid arrest of the proper thing by the less worthy influences that wait to trip us up. Permit me now to retrieve my slackness, and in the midst of all our differences to say with sincere cordiality, 'Thank you.'

"Yours faithfully,

"REGINALD BOYCE."

The minister reddened as he stood. As in a flash he saw how a strong man's pride had been bent to the will of love. It was a brotherly letter. There were a few moments of sore conflict such as change men in secret, then the iron sinew snapped.

"Boyce knows that we must differ," he said aloud; "but we need not differ desperately, or on useless points. I shall have to thank him for much more than a lift to a thoughtless lad. It will be easier, because I had that chance to take, as I fancied, a first step. Yes, I will do it! I will do—*it*."

Beulah Chapel was on the extreme frontier of Cranhurst, in the vicinity of the football fields. No one was surprised to see the minister go into the building on a week day. But there were numerous puzzled faces when the hour of noon was simultaneously declared from St. Michael's belfry and the short turret of Beulah. That Beulah clock should have gained five minutes was judged to be a portent in Cranhurst—and rightly so.

"Josiah, dear," said Marie Watts the same afternoon, when, by repeated listening, she was sure of her facts, "I think I must have been mistaken, perhaps, yesterday. The clocks strike much nearer together than I supposed."

"Yes, I notice that they do," he said.

It was like the minister that neither then nor afterward, when Cranhurst realized an inexplicable repose, did he explain. He was equally silent to Matthew Gatehouse. But the corn-chandler sometimes remembered the unpreached sermons, and smiled.

If a man commits an offence against us, misrepresents us, insults us, injures us in any way, what are we to do? Brood over it? That is what some Christian people nearly always do. It is wonderful what care they take to get all the pain and suffering out of the offence they can. They might have brushed it away at once, and have done with it; but no, the hasty, bitter word, the selfish act, they lay upon their memory, and

they will never forget it, whatever else they forget. If a man injures you, do not brood over it. Nor must you talk about it to everybody you meet. What is your motive for speaking about the injury? Do you want to get your friends to take sides with you against the offender? You ought to want to make the offender himself take sides with you against the offence.—R. W. DALE.



## THE VICES OF THE VIRTUOUS.

By E. RENTOUL ESLER.

"Of cleanliness they make a vice," some one said lately, when speaking of the Dutch; and while we listened lazily to the stream of words that only broke here and there against a projecting thought, the question arose in our minds, "Do not some virtues, carried to excess, cause more distress to this world's limited creatures than frankly vicious actions?" To this succeeded the related question, "Who are the persons remembered with most distaste and avoided with most perseverance by the average man and woman? who are the persons whom we brace ourselves to meet as a necessary and unavoidable misfortune? Is it always the serious offenders, the prodigals, the ne'er-do-weels, the failures, the recognised wrong-doers? Is it not far more frequently the righteous citizen, who has an irritating personal peculiarity, or a patronising manner, or a habit of reminding us of our shortcomings, or commenting on our errors?"

One favourite theory among the lookers on life, when discoursing of the eternal feminine, is that the best housekeepers make and keep the happiest homes. Now, in our experience—and we think we see as much and as far as most—this is scarcely true in a single instance. The most prudent, economical, thrifty managers, with clockwork routine and exquisite order in their establishments, have, nine times out of ten, failed in the formation of the happiest, or even of moderately happy, households: not because they nagged, or worried, or scolded, but because they made of trivial things a cult, against which the free spirits under their control revolted.

Among the vices of virtuous persons we have known we count first excessive punctuality. A virtuous family invites us to lunch, our individual selves with their individual selves. They fix the hour for one o'clock. We reply that we are very sorry we cannot be promptly up to time, because our only available train will only reach their house at 1.30, and unless that will do we cannot be present. They reply that will do. We arrive at 1.30, and find they have calmly lunched without us; but they sit with us while the cold dishes are brought back, and encourage us with information regarding the methods in their establishment, and the impossibility of upsetting the routine prescribed for the servants. This vice is peculiar to the virtuous; we have never known it indulged in by a vicious or ill-regulated person.

Truthfulness is another virtue that is most desirable, but when painful truths are beaten into us anglewise, or thrust at us on a spear-head, we

do not love the quality less, but our detestation for certain of its possessors becomes abiding. "You will not remember the incident," a courteous person says, when conversing with a lady; "it happened twenty years ago." "Oh, won't she?" sniffs truthful James from the other side of the table; "she could remember half as long again." Or perhaps our innocent pretence is in the matter of our wardrobe. We have spent considerable moneys and much thought and care in making over our last year's clothing into what we comfortably consider the tip of the fashion, and we appear in company with the smirking consciousness on our countenances that we are looking particularly well. The lace tablier has done wonders for the shabby dress front, and that rosette on the shoulder looks quite coquettish, in addition to concealing the stain we are so familiar with. "Your poplin, isn't it?" asks the conscientious seeker after truth; and we feel that her eyes are searching out every seam where a seam should not be, every fold that is meagre, every bulge that asserts itself unduly. We answer, "Yes," miserably and guiltily, subside into a corner, and taste the supreme acidity of our deprivations.

Then there is the virtuous person who always advises us for our good, and with a wisdom we cannot gainsay. Have we decided, after much cogitation, that we can afford ourselves a certain set of volumes, or an engraving of a famous picture, or it may be the greater extravagance of a sealskin garment, or a trip to the Continent? The thoughtful friend regards us sorrowfully, reminds us that times are bad, that the outlay we meditate is hardly expedient, that a little deposit in the bank can always procure Elzevirs and artists' proofs, but that these things are not so readily converted back into money, and that extravagance is the sin of the age—statements all absolutely true and undeniable, but missing altogether the point of our heart-hunger for one brief march on smoother levels in our habitually rugged way. Perhaps we place the money in the bank as suggested; perhaps we abandon altogether in time the desire to wrest our necks free even for an hour from the yoke of habit, and then the well-meaning friend says we have grown quite sensible and contented, and rejoices over us.

Another virtuous sinner is he or she who does great things for us, who perhaps provides for us or manages for us; who possibly supplies our daily bread, or pays our rent and taxes, and who annexes us body and soul in consequence, and is surprised and grieved if we demur. The daughters must



dance attendance on all mamma's callers, be always ready to lend their company when mamma decides to walk or drive or sit at home, must always have papa's hat brushed and his slippers warmed, and his gloves and stick waiting on the hall table when he requires them. If these polite attentions preclude all steady devotion to any interests of their own, and if they grumble in consequence, they are supposed to evidence another evil feature of the age. It does not necessarily follow that it is the parents who exact supreme attention: it may be the big brother, or the gifted sister—the social Dodo of the family, who wants her juniors to shine also, but in an orbit that will not interfere with hers. If the revolt of the daughters were observantly studied, it might be found that it is not against parental rule alone that a stand is occasionally made, but against other domestic conditions for which the parents may be scarcely even indirectly responsible.

In addition to the virtuous person who asks painful questions regarding matters we wish to keep to ourselves, and the virtuous person who tells us sorrowful facts that we know, is the virtuous person who tells us similar facts which we did not know; the virtuous person who, perhaps,

has a kind of liking for us, who unquestionably feels a certain interest in us, but whose jubilant presence on our horizon always bodes, like that of the petrel, that a storm is brewing. "I have just seen the class lists, and your son is plucked; I thought you would like to know at once," says this genial criminal, who has gone out of his way to find out that our poor boy has failed again at his particular *pons asinorum*. Or the stock and share list is a nightmare to us, and busy Bobby comes to ask us, have we observed that Peruvians and Denvers have gone to pot? He knows that we went out of our modest depth to clutch what we fondly fancied was a bargain, and he cheerfully keeps us posted in the extent of our daily losses. There are other things in the papers as well as stock reports, and so he finds out that our wife's uncle was on the board of that defaulting company, or that our aunt's brother-in-law can only pay thirteen shillings in the pound, and he comes to ask us if we knew it also. There may be worse offenders, but there are few whom we could not pardon more promptly than the observant neighbour whose zeal in our service leads him always to inform us of personal misfortunes which we can neither rectify nor avert.

## MANLINESS.

BY THE VEN. ARCHDEACON FARRAR, D.D.

IT is a common mistake of the young to regard as manliness a mere precocity in vice. Young men are made popular idols and favourites because they are thought to be "such fine, manly fellows," when really the mark upon their forehead is unbridled license—selfish indulgence in amusements, and the giving up on all occasions their duty for pleasure. But even heathen moralists describe this, not as manliness, but as effeminacy.

Again, youths are made popular idols and heroes because of their spirit of self-assertion—their assumption of an attitude of defiance of all legitimate authority, and the adoption of a sort of insolent way of saying, "I am as good as you." That, again, heathen moralists call not manliness, but braggadocio.

True manliness consists of self-respect and resistance. The word "resist" was, in the opinion of the late Dean Stanley, the backbone of the world. Young men should try to resist that insolent thing which sometimes calls itself "public opinion," and which repeatedly in history has sanctioned the most atrocious crimes, as in the last century it sanctioned slavery, and as within the limits of living memory it has sanctioned suicide and murder in

duelling. A true man does not always swim with the tide, but will strike out bravely against it. He will not always be an opportunist, trimming his sails to catch every passing breeze of popularity. In the school, in the university, in the regiment, in the shop, in the office, they see all the difference between the one who is manly and resists and the one who is cowardly and yields. The unmanly person is a reflection and not a reality, an echo and not a voice. Young men must resist their evil passions and resist difficulties, striding through them as a man strides through the gossamer threads which hang upon the grass on a summer morn.

Courage is absolutely necessary—not merely physical courage, which is exceedingly common among Englishmen, for few of them are cowards—but moral courage, a certain violence of truthfulness, and a certain impetuosity of honour. True manliness necessitates, too, self-mastery, which involves self-sacrifice. It requires God's own gold to make a true man, and if young men would be true men they must live, not for the indulgence of self, but, as Christ lived, for the sacrifice of self. They must remember that all the inspiration which comes to our humanity at all comes from the great tragedies of human life.



## REMINISCENCES OF HENRY WARD BEECHER.

BY THE REV. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A.

FOR forty years in the United States there were few more imposing figures than that of Henry Ward Beecher, the great Brooklyn preacher. But for many years the name of his sister, Mrs. Beecher Stowe, was much better known in England. The dazzling success of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* predisposed people to think that only one bearing the name of Beecher could have a right to such a world-wide fame. But as in the case of the Brownings, the star of Elizabeth Barrett outshone Robert, but was destined to wane as his rose at last into phenomenal splendour; so although, unlike Elizabeth Barrett, Mrs. Beecher Stowe survived her brother, yet she seems for more than twenty years to have been little talked about and less read; whilst the celebrity of Henry—which dates, by the way, like her own, back to the great abolition-of-slavery epoch—has been continually on the increase on both sides of the Atlantic.

When Ward Beecher died, most of the shops in New York and Brooklyn pulled down their shutters, and business was very generally suspended. It would be difficult to imagine a greater tribute of respect from those classes whose fraud and chicanery the great preacher was never weary of denouncing.

The best part of Mr. Beecher's biography is written in those numerous volumes of sermons which were reported Sunday by Sunday, and although somewhat less voluminous than Mr. Spurgeon's, they are more full of thought and much more full of personal history than the great Baptist's discourses.

I noted no less than sixty personal anecdotes and allusions in four volumes.

The outline of Mr. Beecher's life is very simple. He lived in Brooklyn, he lived in his pulpit, he also lived on his farm. His father was a clergyman, and he was educated under him at Lane Seminary. He stayed two years at his first cure at Lawrenceburgh, Indiana, and eight years at his second at Indianapolis; but his real life began where it ended, at Brooklyn, that dense, striving, grovelling, money-grubbing, gambling, dissolute suburb—truly the worst half of New York City.

Well do I remember somewhere about the year 1870, Alexander Strahan, the founder of *Good Words*, *Sunday Magazine*, and *Contemporary Review*, bringing me some volumes of Ward Beecher's sermons. I had just heard of him as Mrs. Beecher Stowe's brother, a fine preacher who had taken a prominent part in the Anti-slavery movement, and had visited England, meeting with a great Exeter Hall reception, when I was quite a boy and too

young to take any special interest in him. I had never read a line of him. But the first sermon I glanced at, on the "Love of Money," the root of all evil, made such an impression on me that I did not rest till I had gone through the four volumes lent me. It is not too much to say that the perusal of these magnificent discourses marked an epoch in my life, and has left indelible traces upon all my pulpit work since.

Like himself, in these sermons the thought was massive, masculine, full of fire, sarcasm, tenderness, spirituality. His estimates of human nature were large and generous, his eye for its foibles quick, his rebukes were scathing and to the point, but from a theological point of view his doctrine was somewhat loose. He speaks like a man not bound to give an account of his orthodoxy to any one, but he speaks as one who had authority. We can well understand that he was quite as infallible to his congregation as that dear old Popo, Mr. Spurgeon, in his best days, was to his. Mr. Beecher's theology was considered by most of the regular schools of Christian thought to be somewhat vague. Indeed, he was more bent on inspiring life-principles than in purveying cut-and-dried doctrines and definitions. And yet on occasion he could grapple with doctrines like the Trinity, and utter a few suggestive phrases full of luminosity. Take the following: "Because," he says, "our acquaintance with vital, intelligent, sentient life,—because the class of beings with which we are familiar exist in unity—unity and diversity as far as faculty is concerned, but unity without diverse personality,—we are not to suppose that this exhausts all possible modes of being. Infinite complexity may be easily imagined to be not merely an agglomeration of faculties in one being, but a range higher than this, so that beings shall be agglomerated in a being, and that there shall be personalities grouped into unity." We cannot help admiring the ingenuity with which Sabellianism is here avoided (*i.e.*, that God is one person under three manifestations). That is, of course, imaginable, but it is as much heresy, as that Deity is separate impersonal forces comprehended in one larger force called Personality; and everything is heresy except to say that God is three persons—not *manifestations* or *parts*—in one God. Vicarious sacrifice is treated with similar skill.

On the personality of the devil, although he evidently believes in many evil spirits, he is less clear, and the following definition of



unbelief will make many good people's hair stand on end:—

"Unbelief is often only the drifting of sensitive natures, famished and hungering and thirsting for something that shall feed them."

But it was with such words that he bowed the hearts of the men of Brooklyn as the heart of one man!

On sects he is scarcely more orthodox; in fact, on that subject he is little better than a bull in the theological china shop. He says sects are like flowers. "Would you," he asks, "reduce them all to one, and have nothing but daisies, tulips, or violets? I believe in the organization of Christians into churches, and in the forming of churches by elective affinities into sects!" And, again, "Christianity is represented by the sum of all the sects, not by any one of them."

He has a very great sermon on the Bible, and when we remember that it was preached more than thirty years ago we cannot but be amazed at the boldness of such passages as this with which it abounds.

"Bishop Colenso thinks he has shown that there are mistakes in the writings of Moses—very likely—and suppose it should be shown that Moses never wrote them at all, what then? It would be shown, that is all; and supposing they should be taken out of the Bible, they would be taken out, that is all; and how would it be with those that are left—why, they would be left, that is all."

But it is perhaps in his vignette pictures of life, his sudden illustrations, his graphic word-painting, that he is most irresistible.

Was ever anything more terrible in its truth, said about the pace that kills—the all-devouring race for gold, the debasement, the folly, the pitiable ruin of it—than this: "Hardening of the heart is very apt to end in softening of the brain. There are many whose business goads them on, whose troubles harass them to such an extent that some latent tendency induced or inherited is developed, and they become insane. And shall nobody mark these things, shall nobody take young men aside in the street, and say, 'What is the matter with that man?' Young men full flushed, copying these fatal examples, and seeing the victims go out at the other end of the street, say, 'Behold, that man once controlled the whole money market of New York!' There he goes, the old conceited fellow. He has buttoned up his coat by the only two buttons that are left, and he keeps his arms down that you may not see the white—the white seams that run up and down, and that he cannot brush out, neither can he brush off, that thread-bare, oily, waxy look that he has, and he goes round, a poor miserable imbecile." That is worthy of Hogarth, yet we feel it was struck off at a venture.

I shall never forget hearing Mr. Beecher at Brooklyn one Sunday night, about the time the celebrated Hell Rock in the mid-channel between New York and Brooklyn was blown up. This sunken rock had long been an impediment to navigation, and at last the town council determined to mine it.

"Men went down," said Mr. Beecher, "and lodged dynamite at its base. Nothing was visible, but at a given signal, at a spot in the city remote from the Hell Rock, an electrician united two small wires, and the whole mass was blown into the air. Well," continued the preacher slowly, looking round the vast congregation until every man present felt that he had been included in the terrible scrutiny, "there are men in this congregation who are *mined*, the dynamite has been accumulating under them for months, for years, and at some unlooked-for moment, an insignificant occurrence, a chance word, a look, the discovery of an old letter, will be as the uniting of the electric wires, and their apparently secure reputation will be blown to atoms!"

It was certainly a master-stroke of impressive application, and something like a shudder ran through the church, which marked how well the bolt from the bow had told.

One of the most charming characteristics of the preacher was the breezy freshness which his loving familiarity with the country, farming, flowers, and gardening, lent to many of his illustrations. "The willows had thrown off their silky catkins, and were in leaf, the elm was covered with chocolate-coloured blossoms, the soft maple drew bees to its crimson tassels," etc., or, "I have a cat in the country that knowing there is a rat in the grass, will lie crouched in the grass for six hours together, waiting for that rat to come out. And I know people that watch at doors where Christians are to come out just as patiently and with just as much humanity. They spy out the faults of professed Christians and say, 'If those are Christians, I do not need to become a Christian!'"

But long after all are dead who were moved by the incisive and often entrancing eloquence of the great orator, history will keep alive the memory of the noble part played by Henry Ward Beecher in the great and bloody controversy between the North and South. In those days, when senators fought on the floor of Congress, and peaceful citizens holding anti-slavery or abolitionist opinions were pelted with rotten eggs in the streets, it was not a light thing to have the courage of one's opinion. Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Bryant, Longfellow, Sumner, Henry Ward Beecher, and a few more prominent thinkers and writers headed the unpopular Abolitionists in the North, and made occasional incursions into the South; but there was no such fearless and potent voice amongst



them as Beecher's. "He is the greatest motive power I have in the North," said Abraham Lincoln, and after President Lincoln's death he wielded a vast political power. So late even as 1885, when I was in New York and Beecher was supposed to have somewhat lost power and prestige, it was commonly said that if Henry Ward Beecher set his face against a Presidential candidate he was sure not to get in. The political power he possessed was used entirely for good; it was a purifier of politics and a terror to "rings" of all sorts. He was as great on the platform as in the pulpit. When he first visited England, soon after the appearance of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, he attracted enormous crowds to Exeter Hall. To use a reporter's phrase, you could have "walked on the heads of the people." In his own country he did not shrink from invading the South in the sacred cause of freedom, and on one occasion in New Orleans it is said that he spoke for four hours and sent a hall packed with Confederate slave-owners out into the streets raving Abolitionists. Many such stories were at one time in vogue about Beecher's eloquence; and whether true or not, they doubtless reflected the very prevalent belief in his singular persuasiveness. When an English edition of his sermons was called for, I was invited by the publisher to edit the book. I chose a certain number of his finest sermons, ranging from 1856 to 1870, and sent a fly-leaf frontispiece to Brooklyn for approval. I had styled the preacher by inadvertence "the Rev. Ward Beecher," although, being already personally acquainted with him, I should have avoided the error. I received the following characteristic letter of rebuke:—

July 23rd, 1886.

MY DEAR HAWES,—

When my mother, of sainted memory, brought me to the altar, I was baptised with the name of *Henry Ward Beecher*, and I am determined to preserve her work from all dissection and demolition. I am an orphan; I have little in this world but my name; I will not suffer that to be taken from or added to. I have refused a D.D., and I never use the Rev.

Some call me Henry Ward (in America), and in England Ward Beecher, and eke Beecher, all of which I tolerate as an economy of breath, and maintain my amiable mood. But when a learned man like you, deliberately, and upon the back of my sermons, in coloured ink, print me Ward Beecher, leaving my mutilated name to go down, like cruel surgery, without being bound up or its blood staunched, I cry out—I will cry—and continue to cry, till you give me my whole name, *Henry Ward Beecher*. What has Henry done that it should be expelled, divorced, excluded—remorselessly exsindicated? Restore me, put me together again, and I will ever pray for blessings on your head.

I am pleased to have my sermons circulated and read, and I know of no one who, from a long acquaintance with my writings, is better fitted to select and edit them than yourself. All the recompense I ask is, that I may have a copy sent me by my indulgent publisher.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

That was to me a memorable Sunday at New York in the fall of the year 1885, when I first saw and heard Henry Ward Beecher. Almost every hour of the day is still vividly impressed upon my mind. The cold drizzle of rain in the morning when I preached at the Church of the Holy Spirit, the pelting thunder-storm which was the accompaniment to my afternoon's sermon at Grace Church (the Rev. B. Huntington), the drive in the rain to Brooklyn at night, the return to Delmonico's famous restaurant about ten o'clock, where a sumptuous supper was given us by Mr. Andrew Carnegie. It was indeed a day of varied experiences, which I shall not soon forget.

My host, Mr. Courtlandt Palmer, the well-known founder of the Nineteenth Century Club, New York, and Miss Ingersoll, the charming daughter of the famous Col. Ingersoll, of free thought lecturing fame, were of the party. We made our way up the aisle, and occupied seats which had been reserved for us in about the sixth row. Mr. Beecher was already sitting on his platform, with a table decked with the flowers he loved beside him. He read a passage of Scripture (after prayer and hymn-singing), and then followed the sermon; not, I imagine, one of his highest flights, but a noble discourse on the aspiring dignity of human nature, containing at least one dramatic burst, the episode of the Hell Rock before alluded to, which is worthy to rank with anything that I have met with in his published volumes, but the thrilling effect of which it is quite impossible to reproduce in print. I do not know whether I was sorry or glad, after so solemn a discourse, to have conversed face to face with the preacher at the close of the service. He received us cordially on the platform; and upon Miss Ingersoll, a young lady of considerable personal attractions, being introduced to him, he took her hand, and looking hard at her, exclaimed, "What! are you the daughter of my old adversary, Col. Ingersoll? Well, you are certainly the handsomest pagan I have seen for a long time. Bring your father along with you next time; we shall be glad to see him." Turning to me, he shook hands warmly: "I did not know you were present to-night. I have got all your books. I know you well in the spirit; I am right glad to meet you in the flesh."

He then turned to Miss Ingersoll again, and the rest of our talk was of a trivial character. Perhaps the transition was too sudden. "Don't take your great gods off their pedestals," says Emerson. I somehow felt the force of those words that night. The descent from sublime religious oratory to common talk was a little too abrupt. Except for the pleasure of shaking hands with Mr. Beecher, it might have been



better to have gone out of that crowded building with the diviner echoes still ringing in my ears.

Before I left America, during my visit to Boston, where I was Lowell lecturer and University preacher at Harvard in 1885, Henry Ward Beecher showed me a singular mark of personal favour and regard. He wired to Boston to invite me to occupy his pulpit at Brooklyn, offering me at the same time an honorarium of £20. I should not have hesitated to preach for Mr. Beecher had I not on that Sunday been preaching before the Harvard University. In America, I am glad to say, it is common for clergy of all denominations to interchange pulpits very freely. Harvard University is chiefly Unitarian. I preached in a black gown, and prayers were read by an *Anglican Dean*, Dr. Gray (of the Theological College, Cambridge, U.S.A.), attired in his plain *black frock coat!* At Cornell University, Anglicans and Nonconformists are heard alternately without scandal or prejudice. Vassar College Chapel, where I also preached, is quite undenominational; and at Germanstown, Philadelphia, I gladly accepted an invitation to preach at Rev. Dr. Charles Wood's Presbyterian Church. In New York, Chicago, and San Francisco I occupied exclusively the most orthodox Anglican pulpits. When Mr. Beecher visited England for the last time, not very long before his death, I lunched with him at Dr. Parker's, and the conversation naturally turned on the interchange of pulpits.

"Haweis would not preach for me when he was in America, though I asked him," said Beecher, with a provocative twinkle.

"That is not quite fair," I replied. "I felt honoured by the invitation; but you know I was engaged to the University, and I had no other Sunday available."

"So you would preach for Beecher," said Dr. Parker; "now you would not preach for me, if I asked you, at the City Temple?"

"Certainly I would," said I, "on conditions."

"What are they?"

"First, that the thing be not done in a corner, and that you give fair publicity; and secondly, that my Bishop does not directly intervene to express open disapproval, or otherwise practically veto me. You must know," I said, turning to Beecher, "that our Bishops are placed in a very difficult position, and have rather a rough time between High, Low, and Broad Church clergy. The Low are fairly manageable; the High Church only agree with their Bishop, and obey him, when he agrees with them; the Broad Church are honourably distinguished by obeying their Bishops. Of course they often dissent from their views, and doubt the wisdom of their

policy; but they never openly defy them. I shall preach for Dr. Parker if the Bishop (Dr. Temple) takes no notice."

Had not the matter been *forced* upon the Bishop's attention, I should probably have gone and preached, and no notice would have been taken; as it was, the Bishop, finding himself challenged, would give but one reply—he expressed the strongest disapproval. As I had done with Bishop Jackson, by Dean Stanley's advice, when he vetoed my lecturing at Finsbury Circus on Sunday night, so I did with Dr. Temple—I tried to get him to remove his veto. He declined, but in a very kindly way, and I obeyed; this produced the storm in the teacup known as the Haweis-Parker Controversy. On the day announced, the City Temple was packed. Dr. Parker ascended the pulpit and "explained," and for about a fortnight afterwards the newspapers were provided with what at first was lively and then became tedious copy on the Bishop, the Broad Church, and Dr. Parker. Since then no attempt, so far as I know, has been made by any Anglican clergyman to enter a Nonconformist pulpit in London.

'Tis true 'tis pity, pity 'tis 'tis true.

On his last visit to England, I heard Mr. Beecher at the City Temple; I also heard him lecture at Exeter Hall. On both occasions he was able, eloquent, interesting—but somehow the fire was out; he was getting old, he had lost sustained nervous energy, the thunder and lightning was gone from him, and then there was nothing now to fight. Like Mr. Gladstone, Ward Beecher was truly grand when he was cornered,—hitting out with his back to the wall, he was a second Luther. Amongst his own people, as the shadows lengthened, Beecher, in his subdued and softened moments, with the peace of sunset, was often touching and pathetic still; but here amongst strangers, with no "blazing principle" to advocate, and no burning question of the hour to stir, Beecher, on his last visit, especially in his lectures, was a little out of it. He did not quite know or feel his public; and whilst many, especially of the older world, admired, some of the rising generation were disappointed.

It was, perhaps, a little like hearing Sims Reeves at the close of the nineteenth century. The truth was that Henry Ward Beecher, on his last visit to England, was breaking, and he returned to die. He knew that he had not much longer to live, but did not, I imagine, realize that the end was so near. Latterly, and in moments of most intimate communion with his people, the feeling that the time was short seemed to come over him, and lent a depth and pathos to his voice which it is difficult to describe. At the end of an unusually grand sermon, when the congregation hung upon his lips, so gracious and searching, so



sustained and tender was he throughout, I find the following characteristic burst:—

"I linger, and yet I know that it is in vain, by added words or by intense expressions, to reach the heart. My dear brethren and friends, I am joined to you to-night in sympathy. We are pilgrims together, we are moving on—of this we are conscious. My sight grows dimmer, whiteness is coming on these locks, and you are keeping company. I observe it. Those who were little children when I came here are now carrying their little children in their arms; the young men with whom I took counsel are now speaking with their grandchildren," etc.

The beauty and depth of some of his prayers is wonderful; the classic purity and elevation of some of his perorations is to my mind unsurpassed in modern pulpit oratory. I could select many passages in illustration. The following must suffice. It closes a fine sermon on "Self-control possible to all." The text

was, "*Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible.*" And the two garlands are then for the last time, as it were, held up before us, whilst we are called upon to contrast once more the runners in the earthly and the heavenly arena. And here the majesty of his rhythm has quite a Shakesperian ring about it:—

"Whilst yet they live the leaves grow sere upon their brow; their very footsteps with which they sound the dance shake down these withered leaves, and they are discrowned in the very wearing of their crowns. But around about our heads that follow Christ invisible leaves there are—or if they are visible, men call them thorns, as they should be called, since we follow Him that wore them; but as the angels behold them, they are those imperishable flowers—that amaranth—that never blossoms to fade or fail. And our crown shall be bright when the stars have gone out, and the sun has forgotten to shine."

## THE IDEALS OF YOUTH.

BY THE REV. J. REID HOWATT.

### VI.—THE CHRISTIAN.

OF all the ideals youth can form, none is comparable to that of being a Christian. Do not mistake me. I know only too well that there are types of Christians the young heart turns from with repugnance, as it instinctively turns away from all that is mawkish, unmanly, unwomanly, and unnatural. And all this is as it should be for the stage of growth which has been reached.

For theology as a science youth cares little: it has no taste for the fine distinctions that separate sect from sect: youth has a wondrous, lovable, impulsive way of going to the heart of things at once, and "to be good, to do good, to love God and man" makes up the sum and substance of all that the young, the healthy, and the generous heart associates with the names of Christian and Christianity. May God bless that ideal and maintain it to the end!

On a stormy sea, in stress and danger, Paul, of all on board the ship, stood calm and fearless. A promise of safety and a message of hope had been granted him, he said, by the angel of that God "whose I am, and whom I serve" (Acts xxvii. 23). In this short testimony we have the essence of all Christian life: we might take it, in fact, as the creed of youth. Self-surrender stands first: "Whose I am." No man is at his best till the spirit of self-surrender has swept upon him. All experience deepens the grandly solemn word of the Lord—He that keepeth his life to himself loses it; he that gives it gets it.

No man ever found happiness yet in the mere sense of possession: it is the consciousness of *possessing and of being possessed* that gives to life its thrill and power. The proof of this you may find on every hand. Where is there a man standing up bravely against fortune's frowns, toiling greatly, often defeated yet never daunted? Get to the heart of that man, and you will find he is not his own master. There is some dream, some purpose, which is keeping him stout in heart and clear in vision to see hope behind all clouds. The artist, the student, the merchant, the poet, has each a different vision from his fellow, but it is in the measure of the thoroughness with which he surrenders himself to his ideal that he will ever realize it or taste the joys that are hidden in its trials. And what is true of an ideal, taking captive the soul and all its powers, is truer still when the heart is surrendered to a *person*. Paul was never more lover-like, for strength, for calmness, and for trust, than when he said, "Whose I am." And what is it that lies behind the loyalty, the devotion, and the sense of honour in the soldier's breast? Isn't it the perpetual remembrance that he is not his own? that the fair fame of his king and country are inseparably bound up with his?

And so round the whole range of life: never till the heart is given up to something or some one—till it is filled with the consciousness of possessing and being possessed—can the best that is in any one ever be brought out.



Let this be first and highest, then, in all thoughts of the Christian life—Self-surrender: through this alone can you ever attain to the chivalry of faith. Many have faith, but little or no chivalry with it. They believe and tremble; they do not believe, and dare, and do. The faith of youth should be better and bolder: it should be active, aggressive, venturesome in doing good: the chivalry of greatheartedness should shine through it all.

But Service next,—“Whom I serve.” This means activity. Honour the significance of that restlessness, that eagerness for action which is the prime characteristic of young life. It is the exuberance and energy of the springtime. The other side of life—the contemplative, the reflective—will come in its own time, and come too whether you wish it or not. That side has few attractions for healthy youth: it prefers the flowering stage, and is naturally slow to observe that it is not till the flower has faded that the fruit appears. Still, if there are no flowers in the springtime there will be no fruits in the autumn, and but for the energy and restlessness of youth there would not be the more passive, if wiser, experience of age. Respect your nature then—it has not been made in vain—and in making the great surrender to Christ, let it be that you may serve Him with just such light, just such experience, and just such sympathies as you have now. *Ich dien*—I serve—is a princely motto that is never so princely as when it is borne by those who have given their love and their allegiance to the Captain of Salvation.

Begin with what is nearest to you. Try to help somebody. Never become “goody” in order to do good. Avoid as you would avoid the pestilence, mere sanctimoniousness—that artificial demeanour which may purchase you a cheap reputation for piety, but only at the price of all that is strong, lovable, frank, and natural in your nature. As some one has said, never think that because you put off the “old man” you are bound to put on the “old woman.” Never forget that religion does not consist in texts or solemn tones, but only in the heart that

is loving and true. Though you have all gifts and graces, so that you could preach like an apostle or sing praises like a seraph, yet have not a loving nature, your religion is nothing. Whatever service, then, you have been sent into the world to do, be certain it can only be done as you obey the promptings of your love for Christ. Only make sure about that love and loyalty, and the opportunities of service will appear of themselves. The field is always near you: there is some one you know to be a bit downcast: take a little trouble to cheer and sympathise; there is somebody going wrong: bring your heart alongside and see if you cannot give him his bearings again; there is somebody being wronged: don’t stop to count the cost: show yourself openly on his side or hers, and dare to sympathise. In the home or the street, at play or at work, wherever you are or whatever you do, only let the love of Christ, as a personal love, have free and trustful play within you, and you will be serving Him.

On only one point more would I say a word. Keep as free as you can from morbid introspection. Do not be always dissecting your own heart or analysing your own feelings to discover whether they are exactly right or wrong. Young Christians are rather prone to this, and there are not wanting books enough in the market to help them in the work. But it is unhealthy, unnatural, and unspiritual too. How does the child grow into the man? Is it by carking care as to how he may add a cubit to his stature? Is it by perpetual self-measurements and mourning over his shortcomings? Is it not rather by living as healthily and eating as heartily as he can—letting his stature look out for itself? It should be so also with spiritual growth. Do the right: character is best moulded by actions. Aim at a manly Christianity. Never suppress your nature—only sanctify it. Give up nothing but what is bad. Take the law of your life from Christ and not from man; and if you have the testimony of a good conscience before Him, be satisfied that, for the time, your feet are on the way of the service He has called you to render.

## THE NEW AGE.

### A REMARKABLE SUCCESS.

*The New Age* has achieved a very remarkable success. No weekly paper of this kind has ever gained such a large circulation so early in its career. We were compelled to print 85,000 copies of our first number. We have to thank the readers of THE YOUNG MAN for much of this success. They have taken an enthusiastic interest in the new venture, and have rendered us

invaluable service. The sale is increasing every week, and the prospects are most encouraging. We are anxious, however, that every reader of THE YOUNG MAN should also be a subscriber to *The New Age*; and if any of our friends have not yet seen our new journal, we would venture to ask them to order the current issue, and then tell us what they think of it.



## CARLYLE : THE MAN AND HIS MESSAGE.—II.

MAURICE once said of himself that he only had three or four things to say, and he felt it necessary to go on saying them over and over again. The same criticism might be passed upon Carlyle. No great writer has repeated himself with such freedom and emphasis. It therefore becomes a comparatively easy task to discern the main lines of his teaching. In whatever he wrote, whether history or essay, private journals or biography, these main lines of thought perpetually appear, like auriferous strata, pushing themselves up through the soil, and indicating the nature of his thinking.

The remark of Bishop Wilberforce, that Carlyle was an eminently religious man, gives us the true starting-point for any honest understanding of his teaching. Mr. Froude has spoken of him as a Calvinist without the theology, and in the main this is true. Every one knows the striking passage in which Carlyle tells us how Irving drew from him the confession that he was no longer able to see the truths of religion from the orthodox standpoint. Upon analysis this will be found to mean that he had definitely rejected the supernatural. He once said that nothing could be more certain than that the miracles, as they were related in the Gospels, did not and could not have occurred. For the Church, as such, he had small respect, because it seemed to him to be mainly given over to a hollow recitation of formulæ which it had really ceased to believe, and which no reasonable man ever would believe again with genuine sincerity. He regarded the efforts of Maurice to frame a rational basis for belief in the supernatural as the endless spinning of a rope of sand. He once pointed to Dean Stanley, and said with cutting sarcasm, "There goes Stanley knocking holes in the bottom of the Church of England." But, on the other hand, he had more than sarcasm, he had an absolutely savage contempt, for anything approaching atheism. Of Mill he spoke with bitter and habitual ridicule, although he recognised in him the finest friendliness of nature; of Darwin "as though he had robbed him." He dismissed the discoveries of Darwin with the scathing phrase, "Gorilla damnifications of humanity." He speaks of his "whole softened heart" going out anew in childlike utterance of the great prayer, "Our Father, who art in heaven." While he cannot believe the Gospel miracles, he nevertheless teaches that the world itself is nothing less than one vast standing miracle. No saint or prophet ever spoke with a surer faith of that great Yonder, to which he believes his father is gathered, and where he and all he loves will some day be reunited in a new intimacy of infinite love. He scruples even

to use the name of God, inventing paraphrases of it because he feels it is too great and holy for common utterance. A profound belief in Providence governed all his estimates of life, and prayer was with him a habit, and an urgent duty, since it was the lifting up of the heart to the infinite above, which answered to the infinite within.

Now nothing can well appear more contradictory than these statements, and they can only be harmonized by the recollection of one fact; viz., that in Carlyle emotion outran reason, and what was impossible to the pure intellect was constantly accepted on the testimony of his spiritual intuitions. The merely theological conclusions of Calvin he absolutely rejected, but the essence of Calvinism ran, like a subtle spirit, through his whole nature. What he really aimed at was to show that religion rested on no external evidences at all, but on the indubitable intuitions of the human soul. He would not even take the trouble to set about proving that there was a God: he would have agreed with Addison that the man who said that he did not believe in a God was an impudent liar and knew it. He was angrily contemptuous of Renan's *Life of Jesus*, although Renan probably said nothing more than he himself believed; but he felt a reverence for Christ which revolted from Renan's method of statement, and he said that his life of Christ was something that never ought to be written at all. Thus it becomes more necessary with Carlyle than with any other writer of our time to distinguish sharply between his opinions and his convictions. In point of fact, he wrote on religion, as on all other subjects, from the standpoint of the poet rather than of the scholar or the philosopher. Driven back upon his defences, Calvin himself could not have spoken with more lucidity and passion of his primary religious beliefs than Carlyle. The Shorter Catechism had passed into the very blood and marrow of his nature. In the bare house at Ecclefechan the *Cottar's Saturday Night* was a veritable fact, and from the Puritan mould of his childhood he never escaped. He never wished to do so. He sought rather to distil the finer essences of Calvinism afresh, and in a great measure he did so. His real creed was Calvinism shorn of its logic and interpenetrated with emotion. He translated it into poetry and touched it with the iridescent glow and colour of transcendentalism. He separated what he considered its accidental and formal elements from the essential, and to those essential and imperishable elements he gave a new authority and currency by the impact of his own astonishing genius.

What were these elements? As restated by



Carlyle, they were belief in God as the certainty of certainties on which all human life is built: of a God working in history, and revealing Himself in no mere collection of books, but in all events: of all work as perennially noble and beautiful, because it was God's appointed task: of duty and morality, as the only real prerogatives of man: of sincerity and honesty as the chief achievements which God demanded of man, and the irreducible minimum of any honourable human life. Man was not a mechanism, but an organism; not a "patent digesting machine," but a divinely-fashioned creature. The everlasting Yea was to admit this; the everlasting No to deny it.

To believe this, according to Carlyle, implied a species of conversion; and of his own conversion, when these things suddenly became real to him one night in Leith Walk, he has left as circumstantial an account as we have of the conversion of Luther or Wesley. What it implies is, in effect, a certain reconciliation to God, to the world, and to oneself. Carlyle's intense sympathy with Cromwell, which has made him his best biographer, arises from the fact that he found in Cromwell an echo of his own thoughts, and a picture of his own experiences. When Cromwell said, "What are all events but God working?" we readily feel that the very accent of the thought is Carlyle's. When Cromwell steadies his trembling hand and says, "A governor should die working," he expresses Carlyle's gospel of work in its finest form. When he talks of dwelling in Kedar and Meshech where no water is, and of passing through strange hours of blackness of darkness, he is talking entirely after the manner of Carlyle. After that memorable experience in Leith Walk, Carlyle tells us, his mood was no longer despondence, but valorous defiance. The world, at least, had no further power to hurt or hinder him: is he not now sure that he lives and moves at the bidding of a Divine Taskmaster? Long afterwards, when his first draft of the *French Revolution* was burned, this faith in the mystery of God's ordering was his one source of solace. "It is as if my invisible Schoolmaster had torn my copy-book when I showed it, and said, 'No, boy! thou must write it better.' What can I, sorrowing, do but obey—obey and think it the best? To work again; and oh! may God be with me, for this earth is not friendly. On in His name! I was the nearest being *happy* sometimes these last few days than I have been for months!" To be reconciled to himself meant in such circumstances that he was willing to work, even if nothing came of his work, since work in itself was the appointed duty and true glory of man. "Produce! Produce! were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a product, produce it,

in God's name. 'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee: out with it, then. Up! up! Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy whole might. Work while it is called to-day; for the Night cometh wherein no man can work." Not perhaps a hopeful or a cheering creed, this; but at all events a strenuous and a noble one. Such as it is, it contains the substance of Carlyle's contribution to religious thought. And we may profitably remember that the true effect and grandeur of a creed is not to be measured by its dimensions but by its intensity. We do not need large creeds for high lives, but we do need deep convictions, and Carlyle believed his creed and lived by it with passionate sincerity.

I have said that this is not a hopeful creed, nor was Carlyle ever a hopeful prophet. He called himself a Radical of the quiet order, but he had none of the hopefulness of Radicalism, nor was it in him to be quiet on any subject that interested him. There is a good deal of truth in the ironical remark of Maurice, that Carlyle believed in a God who left off governing the world at the death of Oliver Cromwell. He saw nothing in modern progress that justified its boasts, and it must be owned that his social forecasts have been all too amply fulfilled. The hopefulness of Emerson positively angered him. He took him round London, showing him the worst of its many abominations, asking after each had been duly objurgated, "Do you believe in the devil now?" His very reverence for work led him to the reverence of any sort of great worker, irrespective of the positive results of his energy. It led him into the mistake of glorifying Frederick the Great. It led him into the still greater error of defending Dr. Francia, the Dictator of Paraguay. So far as the first article of the Radical faith goes, a belief in the people and the wisdom of majorities, he was a hardened unbeliever. Yet it was not because he did not sympathise with the people. His rapid and brilliant etchings of labouring folk—the poor drudge, son of a race of drudges, with bowed shoulders and broken finger-nails, whom he sees in Bruges: the poor Irishman "in Piccadilly, blue-visaged, thatched in rags, a blue child on each arm; hunger-driven, wide-mouthed, seeking whom he may devour"—are full of tenderness and compassion. He never forgot that he himself was the child of labouring folk, and he spoke for his order. But he had no mind to hand over the government of the nation to the drudges. His theory of government was government by great men, by which he meant strong men. History was to him at bottom the story of great men at work. He believed in individualism to the last degree when government was in question. If a man had the power to rule, it was his right to be a ruler, and those who had not the power should be glad and



thankful to obey. If they would not obey, the one remedy was the Napoleonic "whiff of grape shot," or something akin to it, and in this case Might was the divinest Right.

Yet this is very far from being all Carlyle's political gospel. He advocated emigration, and by systematic emigration a dimly formulated scheme of imperial federation, long before these things were discussed by politicians. His denunciations of competition really paved the way for the great schemes of co-operation which have since been effected. More or less he believed that the great remedy for poverty was to get back to the land. "Captains of industry" was his suggestive phrase, by which he indicated the organization of labour. His appeals to the aristocracy to be a true aristocracy of work, alive to their social duties, and justly powerful because nobly wise, were certainly not unregarded. Much that we call socialism to-day had its real origin in the writings of Carlyle. The condition of the people was with him a burning and tremendous question. It was not within the range of his powers to suggest many practical measures; his genius was not constructive. The function of the prophet has always been rather to expose an evil than to provide a remedy. It must be admitted that Carlyle's denunciations are more convincing than his remedies. But they had one effect whose magnitude is immeasurable: they roused the minds of all thinking men throughout England to the real state of affairs, and created the new paths of social reform. The blazing vehemence of his style, the intense vividness of his pictures, could not fail to arrest attention. He shattered for ever the hypocrisy that went by the name of "unexampled prosperity." He forced men to think. In depicting the social England of his time he "splashed" great masses of colour on his canvas, as he did in describing the French Revolution, and all earnest men were astonished into attention. The result has been, as Dr. Garnett puts it, that "opinion has in the main followed the track pointed out by Carlyle's luminous finger;" and a completer testimony to his political prescience could not be desired.

Much must be allowed for Carlyle's love of paradox in the statement of these truths. Fundamentally it is the exaggeration of the humorist, who, in his habitual ironies, is half-conscious that he caricatures himself as well as his opponents. No doubt it would have been very helpful to persons of slow understanding if he had always spoken with logical gravity, and had strictly defined and stated what he meant. But then he would have been as dull as they are. The half-dozen truths which he had to teach are as common as copy-book headlines, and as depressing. Put in plain and exact

English, they are things which everybody knows, and is willing to accept theoretically, however little he is disposed to act upon them. The supreme merit of Carlyle is that he sets these commonplaces on fire by his vehemence, and vitalises them by his humour. It is the humour of Carlyle that keeps his writings fresh. His nicknames stick when his argument is forgotten. In his hands political economy itself ceases to be a dismal science, and becomes a manual of witty metaphors. This is so great an achievement that we may readily forgive his frequent inconsequence, and what is worse, his unfairness and exaggeration of statement.

To this it may be added that, where Carlyle was convinced of any unfairness of statement, or unneeded acerbity of temper, no one showed a quicker or nobler magnanimity in apology. His bark was always worse than his bite. We read his ferocious attacks on opponents, or his satiric descriptions of persons, in cool blood, and do not hear that genial laugh which wound up many similar vituperations in his conversation, and drew their sting. For all his angry counsel to whip drones and shoot rogues, Mrs. Carlyle tells us that when she read aloud to him the account of the execution of the assassin Buranelli, "tears rolled down Carlyle's cheeks—he who talks of shooting Irishmen who will not work." He was lamentably wrong in his judgment of the great issues involved in the American Civil War; but when, years afterwards, Mrs. Charles Lowell, whose son had fallen in the war, visited him, he took her by her hand, and said even with tears, "I doubt I have been mistaken." Amid all his bright derision and savage mockery no one can fail to see that he sought for and loved truth alone. That was, and will always remain, his crowning honour. He sought it, and was loyal to it, when he turned sadly from the ministry for which he was destined; when he went into the wilderness of Craigenputtock; when he was content to be ostracised by Jeffrey and his clique as an intellectual Ishmael; when he finally came to London and took up his real life-work, content to starve, if needs be, but resolved to speak or write no word that should win him bread or fame by the sacrifice of sincerity. And in the hearts of thousands of men, and among them the best and ablest of his time, he begot the same temper. Kingsley, Sterling, Ruskin, and a score of others gathered to his standard, not to name the throng of humbler disciples in every walk of life, who caught the inspiration of his passion, and re-interpreted his thoughts. This was the work he did for England; amid manifold shams and hypocrisies he stood fast by the truth, for it was to bear witness to the truth that he was born, and came into the world.

W. J. DAWSON.



## DOCTOR DICK: A STORY OF THE CORNISH MINES.

By SILAS K. HOCKING,

*Author of "One in Charity," "For Light and Liberty," "Where Duty Lies," "For Abigail,"  
"Her Benny," etc.*

### CHAPTER XVI.

#### EXPLANATIONS.

THE letter which affected Miss Tabitha so strangely was as follows:—

"WOBLEY VICARAGE,  
"SOMERSETSHIRE.

"DEAR AUNTY,—

"I have just received a wire from my solicitor to say you are still living at Ivyholme. You cannot imagine how it has excited me, for I feared you were dead. I have written you so many times, and all the letters have been returned through the dead letter office, that I could come to no other conclusion. And now I am all impatience to see you. I have so much to tell you, that I cannot even begin to write it in a letter. Since that terrible night I was stolen away from St. Ural, I have endured enough to fill a book. May I come to you so that I may open all my heart, and feel your kind hand upon my head, as I used to do in those dear, happy months I spent at Ivyholme? Please write soon. Ever yours affectionately,

"IRENE REVILL."

Miss Tabitha read the letter while sitting on the floor, and by the time she had read it through a second time she had recovered her equilibrium, and was able to assume a more dignified position. She adjusted her curls, which had got somewhat shaken out of position, wiped her lips with her cambric handkerchief, poked the fire vigorously, and held her face close to the grate, that she might give colour to her cheeks, and then rang the bell.

Martha answered the summons at once, bringing in the breakfast. Miss Tabitha watched her without speaking until everything was in readiness, and then began abruptly—

"I want you to go at once to the post-office, Martha, with a telegram, and at the same time request Miss Cobbledick to come here as soon as possible, as I wish to see her particularly. I will have the telegram written out by the time you've got your hat and jacket on."

She spoke slowly, and with a strong effort to keep her voice steady. But Martha was not to be deceived.

"Missus is fine'n excited," she said to the cook. "I reckon there was somethin' in that letter that's upset her."

Half an hour later Miss Cobbledick, the post-mistress, was seated in a chair opposite Miss Tabitha.

"I have sent for you," the latter began, in low and measured tones, "to ask you, if, during the time this house was shut up, any letters came for me?"

"Well, really, Miss Penwithiel," the other answered, "I'm not supposed to see all the letters that come, nor who they be for."

"You stamp them all, I believe?"

"Why, yes, of course, we be bound to do that; and it ain't an easy job, I can tell you."

"And while you are doing it you generally read the addresses?"

"Well, of course, we can't help it sometimes."

"You noticed that a letter came for me this morning?"

"Well, yes, Miss. You see, there weren't many letters for anybody this mornin'."

"Then you must know, Miss Cobbledick, if letters came for me during the time that my house was closed?"

"Well, I believe a few did come."

"A few?"

"Well, yes, several like. Of course I didn't count them."

"And how is it, Miss Cobbledick, that I never received them?"

"Because I should say you weren't here to get 'em."

"Of course I was not here; but why were they not forwarded to me?"

"Do you think, M'm, we've nothin' to do but to forward letters?"

"How dare you speak to me in that way!" said Miss Tabitha, with blazing eyes.

"How dare I? I wish you to know, M'm, that I'm a Government official!" and Miss Cobbledick rose to her feet, and looked scorn at her opponent.

"Please sit down," said Miss Tabitha, with dignity.

"I prefer to stand, thank you; an' if you've nothin' further to say, I'd prefer to go."

"Very likely. But I've a great deal to say. When this house was shut up, I left my address with you—"

"It got lost," interposed Miss Cobbledick quickly.

"And you made no effort to find it or me," said Miss Tabitha severely.



"I've got plenty to do without huntin' up an' down the country for folks who choose to go away from home, an' shut their houses up;" and Miss Cobbledick bounced out of the room, leaving Miss Tabitha very white and angry.

"I'll report her; I'll get her dismissed; it's simply shameful," she said to herself. But before the day was out her temper had considerably cooled; while a telegram from Irene, saying she would arrive that evening, helped to banish the matter from her mind.

The short December day had closed a full hour before Irene appeared on the scene. Miss Tabitha was at the station half an hour before the train was due. And never in all her life before did she remember the minutes drag so slowly as they did during that dreary interval of waiting. The night was intensely dark, and the wind bitterly cold; but she did not feel the cold nor heed the darkness. All the day her brain had seemed on fire, and her heart had been beating at fever speed.

"I shall never believe she's living," she kept saying to herself, "until I actually see her, and I'm half disposed now to believe I'm only dreaming."

Fifty times during that day she read Irene's letter if she read it once. To work was impossible. Now and then she took up her knitting, but as quickly threw it down again. Occasionally she tried to read, but the letters swam immediately before her eyes. The only thing that interested her was seeing Irene's room put in order.

She had scarcely even gone into the room since that fatal evening, three years ago. She left it to her maids, and they had kept it just as it was when Irene occupied it. Her boxes were still in the room, and a dozen little knick-knacks were left undisturbed.

Lunch-time came, but Miss Tabitha was too excited to eat. She tried her best, but the effort ended in failure.

"It's not a bit of use," she said, laying down her knife and fork; "my heart's in my mouth. I shall eat no more till I see the child."

During the afternoon she tried to sleep. But she might as well have tried to fly, as she afterwards expressed it. Sleep refused to come; while all the clocks in the house seemed to have entered into a conspiracy to work at half-speed.

Darkness, however, fell at length, and by five o'clock Miss Tabitha was pacing the dark and windy platform of the railway station alone. Not a soul was visible about the place. The oil lamps were turned low, economy being the order of the Cornwall Railway at that time.

At length, with a little rattle, the signal went down, and a white light gleamed where a red one had been; a minute later a door was thrown

open on the other platform, and a bar of light lay across the line. Then a solitary porter appeared and yawned for a moment in the doorway. Finally, the panting of an engine was distinctly heard in the distance; and Miss Tabitha's heart gave a great thump and then seemed to stop. The porter suddenly woke up and bounded across the line with a lamp in his hand. The great broad-gauge train curved majestically into the little station, and then—

Well, Miss Tabitha never knew exactly what happened then. There was just a moment of suspense, a swift and eager glance along the platform, a great fear of disappointment, and then a dainty figure, clad in soft furs, stood in the light of the lamp. Then lips met, and a sweet voice, full of music, banished the last remaining doubt from Miss Tabitha's mind, and happy tears came to ease the over-burdened heart: and then they drove away to Ivyholme, and a few minutes later they were seated together in their warm and cosy dining-room, thrilling with joy and excitement to their finger-tips.

But who can describe that first evening together, as they lingered over their tea and talked and talked, and let their tea get cold, and got a fresh brew, which almost shared a similar fate, and still they talked, and could not cease from talking. Oh, it was a revelation, and a resurrection, and a transfiguration all rolled into one. And at length, when Irene had finished the story of her strange adventures, Miss Tabitha gave her a great hug and burst into tears.

"Oh, darling, you have suffered a lot," she sobbed; "but, thank God, it is all over now, and suffering has not spoiled you. It has only glorified you. You are more beautiful to-day than ever you were!"

"Oh, Aunt!"

"Yes, you are. You are a little paler and thinner, but your roses will soon come back, and in a few months you will be able to forget the terrible past."

"I hope I shall," she answered with a little sigh.

"I only wish Dick were here, and then our pleasure would be complete. You will be pleased with Dick, he has grown to such a handsome fellow. Nearly as handsome as his father—not quite, you know, but nearly."

"I shall be pleased to see him again," she said, with a little blush. "I always had faith in him, you know. There was something in his eyes that made me trust him."

"Dick is a real good fellow, Rene, and a gentleman. Why, if he'd only known you were locked up in that asylum, he would have levelled the whole place to the ground."

"Oh! I don't know, Aunt; that would have been a lot of trouble."



"Trouble! Do you think he would have minded the trouble? Think of the trouble he went to and the money he spent after that wretched guardian of yours died, in trying to find your whereabouts."

"Did he?" she said, blushing. "I didn't know. How should I know? What was it? Tell me all about it."

And then Miss Tabitha had to tell the story of Trevanion's experiences at Billowdale and Turton Hall.

"How strange!" Irene said, with a far-away look in her eyes, when Miss Tabitha had finished. "And you say you have the confession."

"Yes, Dick left it with me, when he went away."

"May I see it, please?"

"With pleasure!" and Miss Tabitha went at once and fetched it.

Irene read it in silence, and then folded her hands and looked eagerly into the fire. Miss Tabitha watched her for several minutes without speaking. Then she ventured the simple interrogation—"Well?"

Irene withdrew her eyes, and heaved a great sigh at the same time.

"They say all is well that ends well," she answered, "but I don't know; nothing can undo what I have suffered, or blot out the memory of it. Oh, Aunt! what wicked people there are in the world, and what cunning they sometimes display! I understand it all now."

"Understand what, dear?"

"Why, how my escape from Ravensclough was accounted for. Oh yes; it would be as easy as anything. Dr. Bear would give it out that I was dead, and sign a medical certificate, and put one of his wax figures into the coffin, and nobody would be any wiser."

"Wax figures?"

"Yes; he was very fond of modelling in wax and clay, and very clever too. It was a hobby of his."

"But he might know he would be found out, sooner or later."

"Yes. That's the reason he went away as soon as he had got the money from my guardian. But I should never have made myself known as long as that man had lived."

"But had you no suspicion he was appropriating your father's property to his own use?"

"No; I thought it was quite true, all he told me. Father had such confidence in him, and then as my guardian he had so much power over me—at least, it seemed so to me; so that my only thought was to keep out of his reach, and remain in hiding to the very end."

"But your friends—would they not help you?"

"Ah, my fear of him kept me from the few people I knew. And dear old Vicar John, as we

always called him, removed to Somersetshire directly after I came to live with you."

"And so you changed your name?"

"Yes, after my escape I called myself Mary Gray."

"Ah, Rene, you are a clever girl."

"No, Aunt. Only my very terror made me daring. I began to plan my escape directly I got to Ravensclough. I think it was that that kept me from going mad in reality."

"Were you badly treated?"

"Oh no, not at all. And I think all the other inmates were a little mad; but they were quite harmless."

"And you planned your escape all by yourself?"

"Oh yes. I did not dare to take any one into my confidence. You see, I discovered on my first walk in the grounds that the back of the house formed part of the boundary wall. There was no door in the back, and all the windows were strongly barred and filled with opaque glass. But I noticed that a large tree that grew at the back rested one of its branches on the roof, and I fancied if I could once get on the roof, I could escape by the aid of that tree. But oh, the weary weeks and months before I discovered a way."

"But you did discover it?"

"Yes, in the end; but by the merest accident. All the while, right over my great four-post bed, was what they call a man-hole in the ceiling, covered with a trap-door. You may imagine how my heart beat when I first saw it. But oh, the difficulty to get through it! And then I had to remove the slates, and that took me a week, working a large part of every night. And at every bit of noise I made I trembled like a thief. And when at length I was able to drag myself through the hole, and creep along the roof, oh, I don't know how I felt, or how I did it. It all seems like a terrible dream. But I reached the tree somehow, and clambered along the branch and swung myself down and down. Oh, it was terrible! But I had the strength of two, and I saw no danger, for it was quite dark, and the wind was howling through the trees loud enough to drown all the noise I made. But when my feet touched the ground a great trembling seized me, and rendered me powerless for some minutes. Then a light in one of the windows startled me, and I began to run. And I ran I don't know where or how, across fields and fields, and over moors, and through woods and plantations, and on for hours, it seemed. Then, just as day was breaking, an old farmer found me almost dead, and carried me into his house, and his wife put me to bed. And they kept my secret and kept me for six long weeks. Then they helped to get me a situation as housekeeper in Northamptonshire. A lonely house it was, miles away from



everywhere; but I did not mind. I stayed there more than a year, and wrote you ever so many times, but all the letters came back. And I was in terrible fear all the while lest Dr. Bear or Mr. Thorpe should discover me. Then I went to London to see some Scotch people who wanted a travelling companion, and there I saw Mr. Thorpe. I am sure I was more frightened than he. You may be sure I was glad enough to get away from England the next day, and I have been travelling abroad ever since, and should have been abroad now but for that paragraph in the newspaper I told you about, which explained everything. Oh, Aunt, I can hardly believe I am here in dear old Ivycholme!"

(To be concluded.)

## OUR ARRANGEMENTS FOR 1895.

### PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

IN our next number we shall publish full details of our programme for 1895. This month we propose to give a preliminary outline of a few of the leading features. In the first place we shall have a very strong serial tale by MR. GILBERT PARKER, entitled "The SEATS OF THE MIGHTY." This is by far the finest piece of work Mr. Parker has yet given us. It is a long story, and we propose to give at least six or seven pages a month. It will be fully illustrated by one of our cleverest artists.

Every month we shall publish a complete story, and we have already arranged a series of very interesting short tales by BARRY PAIN, H. D. LOWRY, G. MANVILLE FENN, G. B. BURGIN, JOHN REID, ROBERT BARR, etc. Our interviews and character sketches will be continued, and during the year we hope to deal with MR. JOHN MORLEY, SIR ROBERT BALL, SIR RICHARD TANGY, MR. QUINTIN HOGG, DR. HERBER EVANS, MR. W. G. GRACE, REV. H. R. HAWES, etc. There will also be a series of illustrated interviews with "The Leaders of the Provincial Press." In this series we

"And does your lawyer think he will be able to get your property all right?"

"Oh, yes; he has no fear. Of course Mr. Thorpe's relatives will fight to the last. But I think this confession will help my solicitor. I will send it to him to-morrow if you will let me."

"By all means, my dear. No one has a better right to it than you."

So they talked hour after hour, Miss Tabitha getting Irene to repeat some of her experiences over and over again.

It was long after midnight before they retired to rest, and far on into the morning before sleep came to either of them.

include the Editors of the *Liverpool Daily Post*, the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Glasgow Herald*, the *Birmingham Daily Post*, etc., etc.

"PLATFORM AND PULPIT: LETTERS TO A YOUNG MAN ON PUBLIC SPEAKING," will be the title of a delightful series of papers by DR. JOSEPH PARKER, which will run through the year. These articles are full of interesting reminiscences, valuable counsel and bright humour. BIBLICAL ARTICLES will be contributed by DR. MARCUS DODS, the REV. JOHN WATSON (IAN MACLAREN), the REV. T. G. SELBY, the REV. HUGH BLACK, DR. MONRO GIBSON, REV. BERNARD J. SNELL, MR. C. SILVESTER HORNE, REV. R. E. WELSH, etc.

Amongst other articles we may mention "LIVING TO PURPOSE," a series of brief, chatty papers by the REV. J. REID HOWATT; "WHY YOUNG MEN AVOID THE CHURCHES," a very frank and courageous article by the REV. H. W. HORWELL; and two articles in answer to the question, "SHOULD WE DRINK IN MODERATION?"—"YES" by DR. ANDREW WILSON, and "NO" by DR. NORMAN KERR.

*The Young Woman* for November contains a deeply interesting character sketch of Christina G. Rossetti, with some very beautiful reproductions of pictures by her brother, Dante Gabriel Rossetti. There is a short story by G. B. Burgin, entitled "Little Woman"; the new story by L. T. Meade, "A Girl in Ten Thousand"; a brilliant paper on "The Ideal Husband," by Mrs. Lynn Linton; and an article on "Nervousness, and How to Cure It," by Dr. Gordon Stables. Archdeacon Farrar continues his articles on "Woman's Work in the Home"; Dr. A. R.

Wallace, Mrs. Josephine Butler, Sarah Grand, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, Evelyn Everett Green, Sarah Doudney, etc., discuss Mr. Hall Caine's views on the woman question; and there is a fully illustrated interview with Miss Banks, the young American journalist.

*The Home Messenger* for November contains an illustrated sketch of "Edison at Home"; an article on "House and Home," by Silas K. Hocking; a paper on "Water Drinking," by Dr. A. T. Schofield; a portrait and sketch of Mr. C. Silvester Horne, etc. It is fully illustrated.



## ECHOES FROM THE STUDY.

By W. J. DAWSON,

*Author of "The Makers of Modern English," "The Threshold of Manhood," etc.*

MORE than once the question of the value of knowledge for its own sake has arisen in these columns. Men who have been engaged in some special study, rather as an occupation for their leisure than with any definite purpose, have grown tired of what has seemed the aimless acquisition of knowledge, and have asked, "What is the good of studying subjects which have no practical bearing on my present life, and which, so far as I can see, are never likely to have any?" My answer to such a question has always been that knowledge is in any case worth having for itself, because the man who knows leads a happier and fuller life than the man who is ignorant. But a further justification of knowledge is found in the fact that it often becomes of supreme use in ways which are wholly unforeseen; and of this we have an excellent illustration in some recently published reminiscences of General Sherman. Sherman says that when he was a young man, stationed in Georgia, while his comrades spent a good part of their time in playing cards and visiting, he spent his in walking over the hills, and thoroughly learning the topography of the country. Later on it was his lot to lead an army through those very hills, and, says he, "the knowledge of the country I had gained as a young fellow helped me to win a dozen victories." On another occasion during the war, he captured a town in Alabama, and was rejoiced to find the telegraph in perfect order. The enemy had forgotten to cut the wires. Sherman at once asked his men if any one of them could operate the telegraph, when a youth, who explained that "he had picked up a knowledge of the thing just for fun," stepped forward, and by his knowledge was able to save a battle. Sherman's shrewd comment is, "No matter if the thing don't seem to be of much use at the time, who knows how soon it may be wanted? No matter how far away from one's calling it may seem, all knowledge, however gained, is of use, sometimes of great use."

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I have been much impressed by this story of Sherman, because it seems to me to teach a lesson which is of the utmost importance to young men. The greatest enemy of youth is indolence. It is extremely easy to be satisfied with the mere task that wins us bread, and when it is over relapse into complete mental inactivity. For the youth who permits this no progress in life is possible. He will be a drudge all his days, and deserves no better fate. The youth who succeeds is he

whose mind is always active and full of ideas; who is curious to know something about all kinds of things which lie beyond the margin of his routine life; who is finally led by this noble curiosity to acquire knowledge, to study for the mere joy of knowing, and thus to enlarge his horizon, and fit himself for some higher form of industry. Some day it will happen that there will be a sudden demand for just that kind of knowledge which he possesses. The merchant will inquire who of his clerks knows German, because he wants a representative of the firm to start for Germany at a day's notice. In the newspaper office a man will be wanted at a moment's notice to deal with some theme that has suddenly become urgent, and of which no one can speak with the authority of careful study. Such occasions as these are happening every day, and these are the opportunities of the man who knows. He will step forward and take up the task for which he has been quietly qualifying for years. He will accomplish it with ease, and a new career will open to him. But to the man whose mind has never travelled beyond the routine work of the hour, and who has hurried from his work to waste his leisure in foolish indolence or empty pleasure, such opportunities come in vain. The hour strikes, it strikes but once, and it strikes in vain. "Time and chance happen to all men," said Solomon; but to the wise man Time is a treasure, and Chance the opportunity of putting it to use. The men who fail in life are almost always those who are too dull to discern their chances, and too indolent to value and utilise the treasure of their time.

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The subject of hypnotism, which is touched upon in the letters of two correspondents, is of deep interest. In the first place, let it be understood that it is a real phenomenon. It is virtually our old friend mesmerism under a more imposing name. There have been, no doubt, a good many frauds under the garb of thought-reading, and the like; but no one can doubt that hypnotism is a real force, for it submits itself to the severest scientific scrutiny, and survives it. In the next place, it should be remembered that it may be so utilised as to be a most beneficent force. Thus, for example, I am acquainted with a case in which it has been successfully used for the cure of drunkenness. The hypnotist, who is a very able medical man, used his will-power to impress upon his patient a hatred of drink. He was so completely successful that the man, who was



far gone in dipsomania, not merely gave up drink at once, but became positively ill, and suffered from nausea at the very smell of spirits, so complete was his revulsion. There is very little doubt that much of what we call the fascination, "the magnetic charm," which great men, particularly orators and leaders, have exercised over their followers, may be explained as a species of hypnotism. The extraordinary power of Napoleon over the minds of all who came in contact with him has always seemed to me to be in its essence an hypnotic power. In orators this power is very marked; indeed, we commonly speak, without rightly estimating our words, of the "magnetic" eye, or voice, or manner of some great speaker. It will be recognised at once that such a power in the hands of a bad or unscrupulous man would constitute a terrible social peril, and it is likely enough that it has been used many times for the purposes of crime. It is for this reason that it seems necessary to regulate its use, as far as may be possible, by some legal safeguard. I should say to my correspondents that it is wise on no account to submit to this power, or to practise it, in mere wanton experiment. If you possess it, use it only for some definitely good purpose, as in the case of the physician to whom I have alluded. If you submit to it, do so only for some sufficient moral or physical reason. One of its chief perils lies in the very fact that we know so little of its nature and limits, and this alone will deter the wise man from meddling with it rashly.

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In speaking of oratory, a very pertinent instance occurs to me. Some years ago I heard a very celebrated orator deliver a celebrated oration. At one particular point in the oration, the whole vast audience leapt to its feet and cheered frantically. The reason did not lie in anything that was said. It was simply the effect of a sudden gesture. My own feeling was exactly that of a magnetic current poured through me, and I have very little doubt that was what it really was. Force, or "virtue," had streamed out of the speaker, and had literally electrified the audience. Some years after I heard the same oration again. But the orator was changed. He was older, was nervously wrecked, and was incapable of pouring out the stream of magnetism which had been easy to him in the prime of his physical powers. The words were the same, the gestures were the same, but there was no effect. It was a flat and tame recital, and was listened to in silence. I saw then what his secret had been: he had the gift of hypnotism, but the gift was spent by a most prodigal and reckless use. Those who know anything of public speaking will be the first to recognise familiar symptoms in this incident. The lassitude, depression, and

nervous exhaustion which follow any great effort of speech may be completely accounted for on the theory of hypnotism. I know a very eloquent speaker who addresses two thousand persons every Sunday night, who tells me that he never speaks without this conscious streaming forth of magnetic influence, and that often he does not recover his normal self until the following Tuesday or Wednesday. It is this which makes public speech of any kind so much more exhausting than any form of writing: writing means a pleasurable excitement of brain energy; but oratory unites with the keenest excitement of the brain the most exhausting waste of nervous power.

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The control of the thought, of which *Tafua* (Ceylon) writes me, is no doubt a matter of difficulty, but it is not impossible. Like many other things, it is only to be achieved by discipline. And what is discipline? In its essence it is the development of habit. If *Tafua* will begin seriously to consider this question, he will see that all human action is much more automatic than is generally supposed. Thus, for example, Harriet Martineau tells us that she so thoroughly disciplined her mind, that when she sat down to write she had never to wait longer than ten minutes for something to say. She sent the message up to the brain to start work, as a master might send word to a factory full of complicated machinery, and the brain, being under perfect control, instantly obeyed. Probably we have all noticed that the habit of doing a thing at a certain time is soon formed, and soon becomes automatic. Let us say that at nine in the morning we accustom the brain to begin work; after a few weeks we find that at nine o'clock the brain begins, as though at a given word the wheels in a factory began to turn, and business began. And in facts like these we find the way to the cure of wandering and evil thoughts. Impose your discipline upon the mind. Force it to think of the things that are high and true. Make rules of study for yourself, and rigidly obey them. It will need a great and even painful effort at first, but it will be rewarded by the gradual growth of habit, which is simply the automatic repetition of action in obedience to purpose. It is as possible to set up the habit of pure thinking as impure; the habit of diligent study as idle reverie: the only difference is that the right thing is always more difficult to us than the wrong. But the reward of discipline is that finally right becomes easier to us than wrong, because we have conquered ourselves, and given a new trend to our nature.

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To reply with any degree of careful argument, such as the subject deserves, to the large number



of letters which have reached me on Socialism is impossible. In reply to one correspondent, I may remind him that the experiment of complete communism was tried at Brooke Farm, and with absolute failure. My objection to the extreme doctrines of Socialism is that, if they were carried out, all human progress would cease, since human progress depends absolutely upon rivalry. This is a truth dealt with in masterly fashion by Mr. Kidd in his famous book on *Social Evolution*. Quoting Professor Flower, Mr. Kidd says: "Progress has been due to the opportunity of those individuals, who are a little superior in some respects to their fellows, of asserting their superiority, and of continuing to live and of promulgating as an inheritance that superiority." Mr. Kidd's own words are: "Where there is progress there must inevitably be selection, and selection must in its turn involve competition of some kind." To me, these truths, as lessons of universal history, appear indisputable. Now the prime aim of extreme Socialism is to destroy competition of every kind; to reduce life to a common average; to produce social equality; and this is, in effect, to put an end to human progress. Where there is no freedom for the individual, there is no growth for society. Such a socialism as this would ultimately mean, as I said, that society would become a vast prison, in which life would be stereotyped, and rations would be distributed from a common bureau: and I think the words are not too strong. On the other hand, there is a sane and sober Socialism which I sincerely advocate. It is the first duty of a State to care for its citizens; to regulate hours of labour; to give, as far as possible, equal chances of education to all; and generally to administer what may be termed national resources for the good of all. In England Socialism began with the passing of the Factory Act. We have travelled far since then, and shall travel farther. The State owns the postal service and the telegraph system; it may presently own the land, the mineral wealth, and the railways. All this may come, and may bring enormous good with it. But it will not bring Utopia. So far as I know, those who are to-day the servants of the State (post-office employees, for example) are not appreciably better off than other members of the community. A State may be a despot as truly as a capitalist. The one thing that I wish to emphasize is, that in any case progress must depend on rivalry of some kind, and a Socialism which puts an end to rivalry, which means individual aspiration and effort, would effectually kill the growth of progress.

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BRIEF REPLIES. — The "straightforward" reply which a *Constant Reader* desires is soon given. Marriage should be based upon unity of

taste, aim, and purpose. When St. Paul said, "be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers," he gave a counsel which is based not on intolerant narrowness, but on general common sense. Its effect simply is, that since religion constitutes a very real part of life, any serious divergence of feeling here will be disastrous to married unity, and on that ground should be avoided. But before *Constant Reader* applies that counsel, it will be well for him to ask what is a Christian, and to ascertain whether in all that makes for Christian conduct and character he is so very superior to the woman he thinks he loves. Experience teaches me that women who say least about religion are often the best women, and, if character and disposition count for anything, are in truth deeply, if silently, religious. — In answer to the correspondent who wished to know a good book on arbitration, I am informed that *The Law of Arbitration*, by J. Foulkes Lynch, published by Effingham Wilson & Co., Royal Exchange, at 5s., is a standard and reliable work. — *Lancastrian* will find several good books on the History of English Literature. One is Arnold's. Another useful synopsis is the late Professor Morley's. A work like *Chambers' Encyclopedia of English Literature* will also be found useful for reference. In history, the best way is to take a period, and work through it. Thus *Froude's History* is an exhaustive study of the age of Elizabeth. For general purposes, *Macaulay's History* is both fascinating and valuable. But there is no end to recommendations such as these. The first thing is to fix the period you wish to study, and then select the standard work upon it.

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I can only thank *R.P.F.T. (Shrewsbury)* for his letter on Tennyson. He is right, and I am wrong. However, if I have misinterpreted Mr. Brooke, I don't think I have misunderstood Tennyson. — Let *D. B. (Cheetham, Manchester)* by all means cultivate his gift. The fact is, no one can tell what a gift is worth till he begins to cultivate it. It is like gold: we don't know how many ounces will go to the ton of quartz till the machines begin to pound it, and the water rushes through it. The record of literature abundantly proves that a gift which at first appeared to be of the slenderest, has often been developed into something very like genius by sedulous effort and patience. Take a course of Shakespeare and the old dramatists; and then, by way of contrast, the dramas of Goldsmith and Sheridan, if you would learn the art of construction. — If *A. J. W. (Nottingham)* wants to find new material for recitation, why not buy Browning? There is much in Browning admirably adapted for recitation, because he is the most dramatic and intense of poets, and no one has attempted him. — In answer to *T. M. C. (Geelong, Victoria, Australia)*, I think the idea of Matthew Arnold in the verse I quoted was, to oppose the philosophic dreaming of the East to the practical action of the West. While Rome conquers and lives for conquest, the East dreams. The East has been the cradle of thought, as the West is the arena of practical progress; and this is, I think, a conclusion in accord with history. — *F. S. (Hastings)* will find *Confidential Talks with Young Men*, by Dr. Sperry, already reviewed and advertised in these columns, the



best for his purpose.—The letter of *Anon.* is sad beyond description. I can only say, Do not despair. By careful living, complete cessation of vicious habit, and a resolute turning of the mind to other and higher things, relief will come, and finally recovery of health.—*F. B. (Bradford)*: There can be no question that the man who, under any circumstances, palms off a bad coin on another is a felon, and it is no excuse for him to plead that some one first cheated him.—*Carvellos (Lisbon)* overlooks the prime fact about man: that he is not an animal, but a creature of will and reason. Passions can be ruled and

subdued, and must be, if self-reverence is to be maintained. Besides which, *Carvellos* leaves out of his equation entirely the case of the woman. On such a question don't listen even to doctors; listen to the voice of your own soul.—*W. T. (Warrnambool, Victoria)*: In the long run, any work of Christian instruction will be the better done if the teacher himself is a student. Work by all means for others, but don't become an intellectual castaway yourself.—*W. B. (Weston)*: *Stephen Remarx* is a notable and beautiful book, worth any man's reading. The *Day Dreams* of D'Arcy W. Tomson I do not know.

## THE WAY IT WAS PUT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED," ETC., ETC.

THERE is a disagreeable set of people who may be called the roughers-up of society. They rub every one's fur up the wrong way, and make people generally uncomfortable. If any one has a corn which he is trying to forget, they find it out and tramp upon it. These people are not monsters of cruelty or very wicked. Indeed, they may be true and just in all their dealings, mean well, and be even very philanthropical. They have, however, an unfortunate manner. If they give a present, it is done in a way that makes it little short of an insult. If they visit the poor, their visit is resented as a liberty because of their want of tact and sympathy.

Of an opposite kind are smoothers-down. They make things pleasant all round. An entertainment or function of any kind is sure to go off well if there be even one energetic smoother-down present. They have acquired the art of putting things, and when anything disagreeable has to be said smoothers-down can say it in the pleasantest way. Edward the Confessor had mastered this art. We are told that he could deny a request so sweetly that his "No" was pleasanter than other persons' "Yes."

The art of putting things is especially useful to those who have to find fault. Most of us have at times to do this in an authoritative position, or as husbands, wives, fathers, mothers, employers, and the like; but nine times out of ten, our fault-finding is done in such an awkward, unsympathetic way that far more harm than good comes from it. The people blamed harden themselves in their faults, and make it a point of honour not to put them away; whereas if fault-finding had been done differently, they would not only have tried to get rid of the evil complained of, but would have felt much obliged to those who pointed it out.

The following are a few examples of rebukes and other things being well put.

There was an old clerk in the office of the

Chancellor of the Exchequer who had for years prepared the statistics for the annual budget speech. One year he made a mistake to the extent of some thousands of pounds, and by doing so caused the Chancellor's speech to be severely criticised by the Opposition. He was sent for next morning to the great man's private room. In fear and trembling he knocked at the door, thinking that he was going to be at once dismissed, and that his wife and family would suffer. Imagine, then, his agreeable surprise when, on entering the room, the Chancellor came to meet him all smiles, and said, "I sent for you, Mr. So-and-So, because I wished to thank you for the great care and accuracy with which you have for many years prepared the statistics of the budget speech. Good-morning." The rebuke put like this, with so much sympathy and in such flattering terms, had a great effect. Tears were seen to roll down the cheeks of the old man as he came out of the room.

One of the sources of Lord Beaconsfield's influence was the mastery he had acquired of this art of putting things. During the Russo-Turkish war, when relations were very strained between England and the Czar, a member was indiscreet enough to put a question to Disraeli, who was then Prime Minister, as to the policy of the Government in the event of the Emperor of Russia doing a certain act. Members shuddered as Disraeli, with a most funereal face, slowly advanced to the table. The question, he declared, in a slow, measured voice, was one of such perilous moment that the honourable member acted most unwisely in putting it on the paper; yet it was a question of such importance that the only course now open to the Government was to accept the inevitable, and boldly answer. "If," declared Disraeli, "the Emperor takes this step, all I can say is,—and I am speaking after a prolonged consultation with my colleagues,—the Government will then give the



policy they are to pursue their very best consideration."

We have all heard of the polite and yet truthful formula with which this wily man used to acknowledge an author's presentation of a book to him,—“Lord Beaconsfield presents his compliments to Mr. X., and will lose no time in perusing his interesting work.”

A midland preacher's righteous soul was vexed by the talking and giggling of some of the junior members of his congregation. Breaking off in the middle of his discourse, he looked straight at his tormentors and said, “Some years ago there happened to sit right in front of the pulpit a young man who was perpetually laughing and talking and making silly faces. I stopped short and took him severely to task. At the close of the service a gentleman stepped up to me and said, ‘Sir, you made a great mistake; that young man is an idiot.’ Since that time I have not ventured to reprimand any persons who behave themselves indecorously in church, lest I should repeat the same mistake and inflict censure upon an idiot.”

There are other idiots in the form of men, and masquerading as such, whose habit it is to run down and make little of women. An unchivalrous person of this class once received the following well-put rebuke. At a dinner, at which no ladies were present, in responding to the toast of “women,” he dwelt almost exclusively on the frailty of the sex, saying that the best among them were little better than the worst, the chief difference being their surroundings. At the conclusion of the speech a gentleman present rose and said, “I trust the gentleman, in the application of his remarks, refers to his *own* mother and sisters, not to *ours*.”

Many well-put reproofs have been given to swearers, and, indeed, the habit of swearing is so useless and senseless that its ridiculous character can be shown by any one who possesses the least degree of wit. Walking in the street one day, a well-known clergyman once overheard a poor, thoughtless man solemnly calling down curses on himself. He stopped, took half a crown out of his pocket, and said, “My friend, I will give you this if you will repeat that oath again.” The man started, and said, “What, sir, do you think I will damn my soul for half a crown?” The clergyman replied, “As you did it just now for nothing, I could not suppose that you would refuse to do it for a reward.” The man was greatly struck, and made a resolve to try never to swear again.

Among the poorer classes of society reproof and advice are often administered without any of the artificialities employed to gild the pill in higher circles. We were talking lately to an old woman who was in the habit of not mincing

matters enough when giving reproof and advice. Speaking of her daughter, who had taken to drink, she said, “Ah, sir, ‘tain’t no use. I’ve done my best for her, but she’s a bad lot. She come in to see me only the other day, an’ I sez to her, ‘Mary,’ sez I, ‘you’re growing fat. ‘Tain’t ‘ealthy fat, to my mind. You’d best prepare for death and break off from your sins.’ But she went off just sharp, like,” she continued with an air of surely unnecessary surprise, “and I haven’t seen nothink of her from that day to this.”

The following is another case of a person who meant well, but who wounded in a way that seems almost savage by reason of his inability to put things as they should be put. A labourer, who was commissioned to break the news of a comrade's death to the desolate widow, placed the body in a cart, covered it with a sack, and walked beside it to her door. As he walked, the difficulty became more and more formidable to his mind. He was a man of few words, and those few he had never had occasion before to employ in such a mission as this. His arrival found him still unprepared, when a happy, or rather unhappy, thought flashed into his brain. “Does Widow Brown live here?” he inquired, as the old woman answered his summons. “There’s no Widow Brown hereabouts,” she answered; “I’m Mrs. Brown.” “Look into the bottom of this ‘ere cart,” was the reply, “and see if you ain’t Widow Brown!” There was no cruelty here, but an entire absence of tact—the instinctive knowledge of what to say and do, and what to avoid.

Nothing is more irritating than for a large person at some place of public entertainment to stand up and intercept the view. A man did this when a certain celebrity was sitting behind him in the pit of a theatre. Instead of getting angry and rude, he simply said to the large person, “Sir, if you happen to see upon the stage anything that is particularly interesting, perhaps you would impart it to us, for we are entirely at your mercy.” The large person bowed, smiled, and sat down. Much the same thing happened at a circus. Some ladies in the front row stood up, so a gentleman, who understood feminine nature, and also the art of putting things, called out, “Would the pretty young lady in the front row be kind enough to sit down!” Immediately several ladies who were not pretty, and no longer young, sat down.

It is always disagreeable to ask for money, even when it is due to us. This difficulty was got over in the following pleasant way by a certain barmaid. A gentleman, who had been refreshing himself at her bar, forgot to pay, so this is the way she reminded him of the omission. “If, sir,” she said, “you happen to lose your purse, I hope that you will not think that it was lost here, for indeed we have not seen it to-day.”



## WHAT PREACHERS SAY ABOUT PREACHING.

## I. By DR. R. W. DALE.

HAVE you anything to tell men that will make heaven seem nearer to earth than it ever was before, that will compel them to feel the tragic grandeur of human life and the infinite contrast between righteousness and sin? Have you anything to tell them which will save them from the bitterness of despair in their worst sorrows, and which will keep them calm and enable them to exercise self-restraint in their greatest successes and triumphs? Have you anything to tell them that, in the fiercest heat of youthful passion, under the severest strain of business and professional anxiety, and when the cold selfishness of old age is creeping upon them, will enable them to master the world, the flesh, and the devil? Have you anything to say that ought to make the authority of Christ more awful and august to the conscience and the will, and the mercy of Christ more tender to the heart, of every man that listens to you? If not, then, whatever comes of it, refuse to be a candidate for a pulpit, refuse to accept the pastorate of a church.

## II. By BISHOP ELLICOTT.

Our aim is to bring man back to that Master whom he has left, and for whose service he has ever since been longing even more than he knew. This is the reason that men gather round the pulpit still; men need to be told of their want. They do not come to hear the highest arguments; masterpieces of argument they have at home upon their shelves. Nor do they come expecting from you the force of a Demosthenes or the pathos of a Massillon. They want you to tell them of the more excellent way. They want to catch again the spirit of some hymn that their mother taught them, and to have renewed the mood of an old penitence or of a scrupulous fear of some vice with whose face they have since become familiar. Look upon them, with their hunger and their thirst, all the more touching if they are in a measure unconscious. Give them the hope that they require. Tell them the meaning of the life of Jesus—that He suffered that we might cease from sin.

## III. By the late DR. PHILLIPS BROOKS.

The minister who succeeds is the minister who, in the midst of a sordid age, trusts the heart of man, who is the child of God, and knows that it is not all sordid, and boldly speaks to it

of God, his Father, as if he expected it to answer. And it does answer; and other preachers who have not believed in man, and have talked to him in low planes and preached to him half gospels, which they thought were all that he could stand, look on and wonder at their brother-preacher's unaccountable success.

## IV. By DR. D. O. MEARS.

There is enough of the gospel preached every year to turn the world upside-down. But multitudes have ears to hear who do not hear. Christ emphasized the importance of such a possibility in His words, "Take heed what ye hear," and "Take heed how ye hear." The "how" of hearing is as important as the having something to hear. The secret of right or wrong hearing and speaking is the same. He who speaks falsely will hear falsely what others say.

## V. By DR. A. J. E. BEHREND.

The dead line in the ministry, as in any other calling, is the line of laziness. The lawyer cannot use last year's briefs. The physician cannot depend on last week's diagnosis. The merchant cannot assume that a customer of ten years' standing will not be enticed elsewhere. And the preacher must be a live, wide-awake, growing man. Let his thought be fresh, and his speech be glowing. Sermons, it has well been said, are like bread, which is delicious when it is fresh, but which, when a month old, is hard to cut, harder to eat, and hardest of all to digest.

## VI. By DR. W. M. TAYLOR.

The preacher should stop when he has reached a conclusion, that is, when he has brought his arguments and illustrations to such a focus that the truth he means to establish is burned in on the souls of those whom he addresses. If he go on after that, his continuance is an impertinence; but if he end before that, his sermon is a fragment, and will lead to no result.

## VII. By HENRY WARD BEECHER.

There are no perfect preachers in the world. The only perfect men in this world are the doctors of divinity, who teach systematic theology. They know everything, all of it, and I envy them. But men that preach take only so much of the truth as they can hold, and, generally speaking, preachers don't hold a great deal. They are all partialists.

Nemesis is lame, but she is of colossal stature like the gods.—GEORGE ELIOT.

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